



# messing about in **BOATS**

**Special Features This Issue**  
“6 Architects Canal Cruising” – “Building the Perfect Boat”  
“The History of the Skaneateles Boat Companies”

Volume 23 – Number 24

May 1, 2006





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May 1, 2006



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## **On the Cover...**

Canal cruising in Europe provided reader Phil Thiel and several fellow architects mobile living quarters from which to sally forth and inspect the historical architecture along their way. Phil's full coverage is featured in this issue.

## **Commentary...**

**Bob Hicks, Editor**



As March went out like a lamb around here and temperatures soared briefly into the 70s, it seemed apparent that spring was at last here and that the coming season outdoors was at hand. Speculating on coming pleasures enjoying good weather carried with it, even more urgently than ever as my remaining years run out, a conviction to make better use of all the good days as they come to hand. When a good day turns up in February it is treasured, but by summer they come along so often that they become commonplace and lose their perceived value as opportunities not to be wasted.

I've got a lot on my platter for this season lasting on through November, some of it even involving messing about in boats. Of course, year round the primary activity is turning out this magazine every two weeks. That having been taken care of on average with typical 30-hour work weeks of what is called today flextime, there remains ample time, even after the usual routine chores of daily life and management of home and property, for indulging in favored avocations. For me these are, in addition to my kayaking, bicycling and motorcycling, each with a different group of companions. Switching amongst these creates a variety of recreational experiences that I find stimulating.

Being self-employed, but with no regular hours "open for business," I can schedule chosen activities to best fit weather conditions and availability of companions. I am quite happy working alone in my shop on any of my interests in the off-season, but when it comes time to get out there and go I prefer to enjoy the company of kindred spirits. I have, over time, acquired a coterie of friends in each of my interests who have some degree of autonomy also in when they can come out and play.

My principal kayaking companion is Charlie, who also shares some of my bicycling times. Our now ten years of companionship, originating from our meeting at a Boston-based group that took people with disabilities on outdoor adventures, originally focused on bicycling (handcycling) and then segued into kayaking in my big 21' Seda Tango double (see November 1, 2005 "Commentary"). Now with his acquisition last fall of his own Heritage solo kayak admirably suited to his disability's limitations, Charlie is stoked for 2006.

On his weekly trips from Worcester to my place (60 miles), where we work on our tandem handcycle projects in my shop winters and sally forth from on paddling and riding adventures the rest of the year, Charlie has been eyeballing the various rivers he crosses over and cataloging them for exploration this season. As Charlie's time commit-

ments to his consulting on handicap access issues and teaching handicap mobility leave him free time during the week, we can always have a day a week to do whatever it is we choose for that time. We are often joined on the kayaking outings by other friends with flexible time commitments, while our bicycling is usually just us alone.

We do hope to add my trimaran rig from an old solo kayak to the Tango to broaden our on-the-water experiences for summer when the water has finally warmed up in the nearby coastal protected waters of Plum Island Sound and Essex Bay. We'll see.

My bicycling activities other than those shared with Charlie involve mountain biking one afternoon a week with other friends (after their work days are over) on the miles of trails within a dozen miles of here on several state forests and private land preservation properties. A part of this involves work days doing trail maintenance work on these properties open to us for riding, putting something back into the sport. On the road I have my recumbent to ride and another friend who is a "Mr. Mom" nearby with time available weekdays when the kids are in school. A once a week schedule of a 20-25 mile ride on local country roads is the plan this season.

And my return to motorcycling has resulted in a growing schedule of Saturdays spent with two other friends (they are both wage slaves locked into 8-5, five-day work-weeks) exploring the back roads of New England on our BMWs. Several others with whom I have re-established contact will be sharing some days riding our off-road bikes where such activity is still permitted (in much of rural Massachusetts and New Hampshire still).

So, you may wonder, when do I do all the stuff that gets in the way of playing? Most of it involves two-hour sessions fit in after a morning in the office (6-12), or after supper now that daylight saving time is here. You know, mowing the grass, working on the current home fix-up project (something that can never be completed, there's always more). All stuff that can be set aside on a moment's notice if playtime arises.

And, perhaps you may wonder why messing about in boats does not appear to enjoy a major portion of my play time? When one undertakes to turn an avocation into a vocation, some of the play aspect inevitably fades away. With 30 hours a week of messing about in boats under my belt here in the office or out at some boating event or other, I find my kayaking to be enough additional messing about. Really enjoying doing this magazine part makes this come out just about right.



## Op Ed Page

**Editor Comments:** Occasionally a reader proffers an opinion about this magazine that deserves more than a spot on the "You write to us..." pages. While I do not (nor will not) write or edit according to the rules espoused in the following commentary, the views presented deserve prominent presentation as they illustrate just how far out of the mainstream I am, hence this "Op Ed Page."

### Fatuous Prolixity... Another View

By Patrick A. Cabe

So "fatuous prolixity" has become a running joke in *Messing About in Boats*. Too bad. The writer who initiated the phrase had a solid point, one that the folks offering the big hoo-ha about the phrase have missed.

Simply put, *MAIB* is not well edited; that fact works against the readability of the magazine. Every issue displays a variety of examples of fundamental writing errors. Often enough, one sees the first of these in the editor's column on the first page.

When I started college, our composition teachers gave us a list of "fatal errors." Making even one of those resulted in an instant F for the paper. Among others, fatal errors included misspellings, basic grammar mistakes (such as incomplete sentences), and some punctuation errors (comma splices, for example, in which a comma separated what should be two complete sentences). Our instructors assumed that we had resolved such issues back in high school, or even earlier; they were unforgivable.

My early experience with fatal errors sensitized me to notice them in everything I read. Consequently, it grates to find them occurring in print, even in a magazine like *MAIB* that publishes avowedly amateur writers.

Here's an analogy. Suppose you and I go to a boat show that features home-built craft. Suppose also that you yourself are a skilled and careful boat builder. I admit readily that I am not. Together, we view one of these home-built boats. I am impressed by the shininess of the finish, the glowing whiteness of the sail, and the appealing pictures of the boat in motion over sun-sparkled water. Looking at the boat with a different eye, you note that the finish has bubbles and runs in it. You find some wrinkles in the fiberglass cloth. You see that parts don't meet in tight joints. There are gaps in the seams. There are ripples in the hull, where it wasn't carefully faired. And so forth.

I suspect that you and I would come to different conclusions about the craftsmanship in that boat. On a superficial level, I would say it was a good job. From the perspective of your more highly developed sensitivity to the details of boat construction, you might say the boat design was a good idea, but not as competently executed as one would hope. You might opine that the builder could have benefitted from the guidance of a more experienced hand.

Writing is a bit like boat building, I think. On a superficial level, we can enjoy the thoughts that others put to paper, and that find their way into the pages of *MAIB*. On the level of detailed craftsmanship, however, those pages often display flaws that could have been avoided under the guidance of an experienced hand.

If we are talking about boat building, that experienced hand would be a skilled boatwright. When we talk about writing, that experienced hand would be a skillful editor. Metaphorically, the fatuous prolixity of the unskilled writer is the unfaired hull of the unskilled boat builder, but there are other errors beyond prolixity. We would fault an amateur boat builder, wouldn't we, if he or she did not take the advice of another who knows boat building better? Why then should we hold it a virtue for an amateur writer not to take similar advice?

In the end, the product, the boat constructed or the piece written, is the better for competent advice added to the effort and skill of the product's creator. The creator learns from the experienced mentor, and beholders of that creator's finished work appreciate it more.

There are simple rules that skillful boat builders adopt: Measure twice; cut once. Fair the curves. Aim for symmetry. Fit joints tightly. Smooth the fabric. With no great difficulty, *MAIB* readers could add others to this list of examples. A skilled boat builder follows such rules unconsciously. He or she would, in fact, likely find it difficult to put into words just exactly what those rules are.

There are simple rules that skillful writers use, too: Keep paragraphs short. Mix longer and shorter sentences. Avoid sentences longer than a dozen or so words. Avoid unnecessary use of big words. Check spelling. Put a subject and verb in every sentence. Use punctuation appropriately. Check subject-verb agreement. And so on. A skilled writer, in parallel with a skilled boat builder, follows such rules pretty much unconsciously.

Becoming a skilled boat builder means, at some level, absorbing the rules of competent boat building to the point that applying those rules requires little or no active thought. Becoming a skilled writer also means absorbing the rules of competent writing, such that using them becomes nearly automatic. Within the limits of those rules, the boat builder nevertheless stamps his or her work with his or her own style. Within the limits of writing rules, the writer exhibits his or her own voice.

One function (indeed, responsibility) of an editor is to spot violations of writing rules, to remind writers about them, and to suggest fixes. Then slips can be caught and corrected before they are committed to print. *MAIB* could profit from that kind of care in the preparation of its content.

*MAIB* publishes voluntary, and (as I understand it) unpaid, contributions from interested writers. Articles are often about vernacular boat architecture, the articles

themselves are frequently in vernacular language. To some, that home-spun quality is a plus. But, to some others, the crudeness of the writing (both content and style) is a big minus, one that some editing, even with a gentle hand, could relieve.


*MAIB* apparently survives on paid subscriptions and paid advertising. It seems to me that, as a business proposition, making the magazine more readable would tend to work to its overall advantage. Making the magazine appealing to more readers should, in principle, lead to greater numbers of subscribers, increasing revenue from that source. More subscribers should, in turn, make the magazine more appealing to advertisers, additionally increasing revenue from that source. Competent editing, even with that gentle hand, could facilitate readability, making a good magazine better and more viable, a benefit to all of us.

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### The 26th Annual Urbanna Small Boat Meet

The 26th Annual Urbanna Small Boat meet is back on the Pinakotank River at Freeport in Gloucester County, Virginia, on May 13-14. All day Saturday fun for the whole family, rowing and sailing races and general messabout. Saturday night pot luck supper and barbeque. Limited primitive camping available. Sunday is on-the-water until mid afternoon. A new onshore option is Art on the Half Shell held in Urbanna on Saturday, [www.visitUrbanna.com](http://www.visitUrbanna.com), or take a side trip to the Deltaville Maritime Museum, <http://museumpark.deltavilleva.com/>

For more information call John or Vera England at (804) 758-2721, <mama5england@hotmail.com>

### Minnesota Messabout

I would like to alert readers to the upcoming Minnesota Messabout at Lake Pepin, Minnesota, on June 2-4. This free event is open to all boatbuilders, those who are thinking of being boatbuilders, and folks who just like wooden boats. Full details and a link to photos from last year's event can be found at <http://tinyurl.com/dngwy>.

Bill Paxton, Apple Valley, MN

## Adventures & Experiences...

### Here's Why

Here's why we motorsailed the replica Chebacco Boat *Lewis B. Story* on the first day of our trip to the WoodenBoat Show which I reported on in the April 15 issue in "Off the Rhumb Line." On Sunday Harold Burnham asked if I could get her down to the Show in Newport (Rhode Island) by Thursday. I said yes, but couldn't start before Wednesday. We had northerly winds and would need favorable current at the Cape Cod Canal and in Buzzards Bay beyond.

The current was the critical thing, there's no real way to work against it. Motorsailing to New Bedford from Essex (Massachusetts) was the only possible solution. I didn't like it, still covering 80 miles in a day in that boat was pretty good going. We could have sailed if we had had strong winds on or abaft the beam and it would have been more fun.

Next morning we motored out of New Bedford Harbor and then mostly sailed from there to Newport, about right up to the show. That's around 40 miles.

Captain Gnat

### Trailer Boat for a King Midget

On a recent weekend I had the fortune of being invited to the Amelia Island (Florida) concours de elegance automobile show. WOW! It was held at the Ritz Carlton on the beach at Amelia Island. The regular rack room rate is \$600, but the "special" car show rate was only \$450. Obviously we stayed down the road a piece. There was a car auction of some beautiful antique and rare automobiles. When they say "who'll

open the bidding at \$1 million?" and 25 people raise their hands, you know I'm sitting on mine!

At the car show the next day beyond the 25 Stanley Steamers and 30 Can-Am race cars was the group of micro-cars. I noticed a little King Midget that was owned by a man from Suffield, Connecticut, my home town. I introduced myself and he asked if I had cars and I said no, I had boats and motors. "Oh, I'm looking for a little 6'-7' foot boat to pull behind my daughter's King Midget."

I said I thought he should subscribe to *Messing About in Boats* to find someone who has one or would build him one. As a courtesy to him, I'm ordering him a trial subscription.

Henry Champagney, Greenback, TN

## Information of Interest...

### Cradle of the Deep Hoax

I found Russell Lahti's review of *Cradle of the Deep* in the March 1 issue of interest. When I went looking for a copy online I found plenty, but I also found that this book is generally considered a hoax, a fact the reviewer did not mention. Of course "sea stories" are not always factually reliable, but I do think the reviewer should have noted it. Tristan Jones and Farley Mowatt probably embellished some of their tales. Alibris says, "Published as nonfiction, this work is now recognized as a literary hoax in that much of the material is fiction." Joan Lowell was a weaver of "sea stories," and who expects sea stories to be 100% true. Miss Lowell was, after all, a reporter.

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

### Cradle of the Deep and More

I, too, enjoyed Joan Lowell's *Cradle of the Deep*, the book reviewed by Russell Lahti in the March 1 issue. I'd like to add that it has been long known that this book was a "complete fabrication" and the publishing scandal of its era, which makes it all that much more interesting!

Recently I acquired *The Ealing Studios Comedy Collection*, a set of five DVDs that includes one of my all-time favorites, "Whisky Galore." This film, from the book by Compton Mackenzie, was based on a true story. I believe it was filmed in Dingal and it takes place during WWII. Briefly, the island's supply of alcohol dries up, a whisky ship fetches up on the rocks, and from there it's the good guys vs. the revenuers. There's just enough boating to qualify it for mention in this magazine.

Also in the collection is "The Maggie," most of which takes place aboard a decrepit Scottish puffer. "Passport to Pimlico," "A Run for Your Money," and "The Titfield Thunderbolt" complete this series of DVDs.

Ealing also produced the original "The Ladykillers," "The Lavender Hill Mob," and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," all with Alec Guinness. These films are filled with gentle, intelligent humor.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley CA

### Richardson Maritime Museum

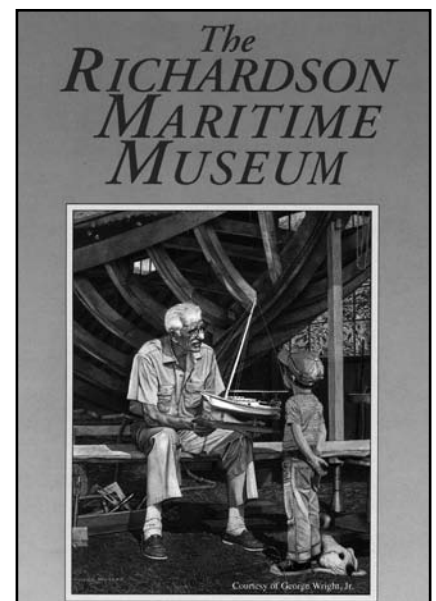
The Richardson Maritime Museum, a private, non-profit, educational institution, is dedicated to Captain James B. Richardson "Mr. Jim" and to preserving the wooden boatbuilding heritage of Maryland's Eastern Shore. It is located in Cambridge, which at one time was Maryland's second largest seaport and was, until recently, a major center for boatbuilding and repair. "Mr. Jim" Richardson, who passed away in the early 1990s, played a large part in the final years of Cambridge's commercial wooden boatbuilding.

The Museum consists of two facilities. The museum and offices are on High Street and contain a world class collection of small boat models, many built by Cambridge residents. A collection of boatbuilding and waterman's tools and artifacts can be found in the boat shack and oystering displays. Throughout the museum are photographs and posters of local events relating to life on the Shore. There's also a library with a complete collection of *WoodenBoat* as well as books concerning Maryland history and boatbuilding. Special events include musical performances book signings and discussion groups.

A shop building, "The Boatworks" is located near Waterside Park. This is one of the last open waterfront spaces in downtown Cambridge and will be the site of the Museum's expansion, to include wooden vessel maintenance and construction with a marine railway, sailing instruction for local youth, and a new building for the Museum's collection. Currently the shop volunteers are rebuilding a Hooper Island "Dovetail," a 40' roundstern workboat. Also on the site and due for renovation is a tow boat built by Mr. Jim and a recently acquired log canoe. Workshops in the construction of "six-hour canoes" are conducted in the summer.

Although this Museum lives in the shadow of her big sister in St. Michaels, visitors are encouraged to make time for both since most of the offerings don't overlap. The Richardson Maritime Museum buildings are walking distance from the Cambridge City Marina, parking and admission are free, but first call or check the website for operating hours.

Richardson Maritime Museum,  
Cambridge, MD, (410) 221-1871,  
[www.Richardsonmuseum.org](http://www.Richardsonmuseum.org)





## The Prairie Gronicle

From time to time some inquisitive sailor will run across a gronicle and, discovering its use, feel constrained to educate the rest of us. I happened to mention the recent letters on the gronicle to a geezer friend of mine who, in his youth, was a farm boy on the high plains of eastern Colorado where wheat is the main crop. The vast wheat fields were tilled by multihorse teams.

Although, in my grade school years, I used to help the neighbor kid harness a two-horse team, I forget most of the terminology. However, I gather from my friend that with large many horse hitches involving multiple singletrees (oxymoron?) a mechanism was needed to keep it all straight. The common arrangement called for numerous lines anchored by gronicles, which allowed for limited movement.

His explanation was not sufficiently lucid that I can give you a clear idea of its working. Thinking to get a handle on this use, I stopped by our local history museum, now grandly known as The Museum of the West, which has an historic farm and orchard. I was shuttled along to the curator who was familiar with the term but couldn't put his finger on one. He promised to have a look and a week later I got a call to come on down.

It was cast iron with two apertures sufficient to accommodate a 1" leather strop. There was a drilled hole to take the wibble. Much was missing. On the back was cast the lettering: CF&I, PAT 1898. Colorado Fuel & Iron was an integrated steel mill near Pueblo, Colorado, noted for rail, fence posts, and barbed wire. You just never know what will turn up!

Jim Thayer, Collbran, CO

## Mississippi Bob Has Gronicles

After reading the enlightening article, "Gronicle Chronicles," I emailed my friend Mississippi Bob Brown for further information. As is well known to *MAIB* readers, I am a neophyte in the sailing realm and was slightly unsure of the use of a gronicle. Mississippi Bob quickly and explicitly explained the purpose of gronicles, their strengths and weaknesses, and where to purchase one.

He told me that he alone in the Midwest sells outstanding gronicles that are prop washed and cured in relative bearing oil for a bargain price of \$49.95. I want to order several since I have a propensity for losing things.

Boy, will my sailboat sail now!

Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

## Over His Head Though

I assume that Peter Spectre, who wrote in the February 1 issue, "The Gronicle Chronicle," is the same man who used to write for *WoodenBoat* back when I used to subscribe. Peter also wrote an article that I really enjoyed for the *Ash Breeze* a few years back about stealing rowboats. I can relate to that because I have also been guilty of the same crime. Never got caught at it.

The "Gronicle Chronicle" went right over my head. I've been working around boats since the late '50s and I had not the slightest idea what he was talking about. Peter would do better for the reading public to do more stuff on stealing rowboats.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

## Opinions...

### Required Reading

R.A. Smith's "Model Making for Amateurs" in the March 1 issue should be required reading at most schools, no matter what they profess to teach. Boyd Mefferd also had some valuable insights in that same issue in "On the Ground in the Antique Boat Business."

Dick Newick, Sebastopol, CA

### Egypt a True Treasure

I really enjoyed Jim Thayer's piece on "Cruising the Nile." We just returned from a trip to Egypt which we found to be a real eye opener. Once again, as in many of our trips abroad, we found that people are treated as individuals. Much as Egyptians might disagree with American foreign policy, we were greeted with friendship and respect wherever we went. Part of this is undoubtedly the tourist economy, but certainly a lot had to do with the tradition of Arabic hospitality.

One of the many highlights of our trip was spending a few days cruising down the Nile on a felucca, which Jim so aptly described. Days were spent lounging, eating, and sleeping on the boat watching the thin strip of non-desert pass by. Nights were quite another story, however. We beached the boats and had great merrymaking at bonfires accompanied by community singing, dancing, and Nubian drums into the wee hours.

As to the sailing of the feluccas, Jim summed it up pretty well with the exception of dipping the yard horizontally to pass under a bridge while sailing in tandem, two boats tied rail to rail with full canvas flying in a fairly stiff breeze. The most memorable thing about these unpowered boats is the way the captains play the wind, current, and oars (aka flat planks used for gang planks, to maneuver around complex harbor settings with great ease.

I can only say that Egypt and the Red Sea are a true treasure waiting to be sampled, full of wonderful sights, people, and the greatest \$3 meals one would ever want to behold.

John Beirne, Ipswich, MA



## Figurehead, Not Maidenhead!

In his article on the "Martha White and the Great Chesapeake Schooner Race" in the February 15 issue, John Bailey mentions that the Sultana sported a wooden carved "maidenhead." It strikes me that he means a "figurehead." I believe a maidenhead is a family treasure that in medieval times was protected by padlocked, wrought iron lingerie.

Carl Cross, Philadelphia, PA

## Avoid Flatulent Proximity

I agree completely with the professor's opinion that has generated so much comment. The trouser trumpeteers amongst your readers should avoid flatulent proximity.

Captain Gnat

## Projects...

### Starting to Show It, But...

I'll be 84 in April and am starting to show it, but am still able to get a canoe or two done. I enclose a photo of my latest, an 18.5' Maine Guide canoe.

Burt Libby, Burt's Canoes, 2103 Hallowell Rd., Litchfield, ME 04350



### Inspired

I am inspired by your magazine and would like to build a Rescue Minor of my own. I think it would be a good boat for some clam diggers of Downeast Maine.

Gary Bridgeham, E. Machias, ME

## This Magazine...

### Insurance Against Boredom

A person who subscribes to *MAIB* never has to mind sitting at the laundromat waiting for his clothes to be clean, or at the airport because his connecting flight is delayed, or at some office where he is #74 and #36 is being served now. Just never leave the house without a copy amongst your stuff. Doesn't take up any room. Doesn't weigh you down.

Of course, then other people will stare because you are reading somebody funny and laughing out loud. And you might not have access to amazon.com to order that book you just read about and want to have ASAP.

*MAIB* is good insurance against boredom. I live in Idaho where there isn't enough water. Doesn't matter. I can mail second hand. Don't change anything.

S. Bassett, Idaho Falls, ID



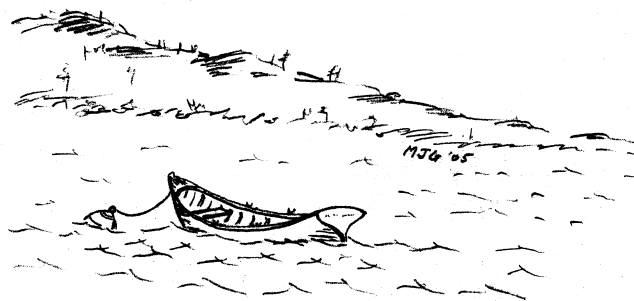
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### Schedule 2006

**June 16-18: No Octane Regatta**  
**June 18-24: Build Your Own Ultra Light  
Skin-on-Frame Canoe**  
**July 16-22: Canoe Restoration**  
**July 30-Aug 4: Eldergrands Boat Building**  
**Aug 4-6: Fundamentals of Building a Guide Boat**  
**Aug 6-13: Lapstrake Canoe**  
**Sept 10-16: Cedarstrip Canoe**  
**Sept 17-24: Cedar Canvas Canoe**  
**Sept 24-Oct 1: Cedarstrip Canoe**



For more information about the school, classes,  
and faculty, visit [www.adkboatschool.com](http://www.adkboatschool.com)>



By Matthew Goldman

## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

From the time that I became a teenager until I bought an old Rhodes 18 a few years later, I used to sail my plywood pram, *Petite Chose*, up and down the lower Connecticut River. If I didn't plan properly for the tide, or if the wind abated, I was expected to, somehow, contact the Powers at home. Cellular phones had not only not been invented, they probably had not even yet been dreamed of. Mostly I just kept tacking among the power boats and barges and hoped that I wouldn't lose too much way when I needed to come about. Occasionally I made it home for supper.

I also took sailing lessons over in Essex, Connecticut, and sometimes motored my little boat to those. Taking my motor when I was rigged for sailing seemed superfluous, perhaps I was a purist even then. But I always remembered to carry a pair of oars. Sometimes they proved to be nearly as significant as my lunch. I recollect a day that I sailed to Essex. It was blowing a bit, there were whitecaps on the river, but after all it was only four miles each way. I had a bailer, a bleach bottle with the bottom cut off, and I wore my life jacket for a change instead of sitting on it. What could go wrong?

My wooden mast was stepped through the thwart and stayed in every direction. My mainsail was Marconi rigged but it hadn't any reef points. Consequently, with that much wind I was either surfing or rail down and hanging on for dear life. I couldn't have asked for better. I arrived at sailing school in record time and saw all the Bluejays straining at their moorings. The committee boat was made fast to the pier and, on the veranda of the clubhouse, two dozen children, glum with disappointment, waited for their parents to retrieve them, sailing class had been cancelled just because of some frivolous little whitecaps.

Chortling, I wended among the bobbing fleet, zipped inshore as close as I dared, waved my superior hand to everyone there, and managed to come about without actually capsizing. I was much too proud to bail my pram until I was out of sight. On my way home the wind commenced to whistle. Opposite Selden Creek the channel spreads out the entire width of the river. An oil tanker was bearing down with no intention of changing her course for me. Arrogant boys in sailing dinghies do not have the right of way. Even I knew this.

As I fell off, a gust knocked me down, I heard my weather shroud part. The mast snapped like a stick. In a trice my pram was confused with sail and spars and rigging. I was lurching about with no control whatsoever. The tanker, running downriver empty, had plenty of windage problems of her own but yawed a bit and cleared me by 20 yards. Shaken and tossed, I managed to secure my rig and lashed it to the thwarts. Out with the oars, Mate, pull for yonder harbor.

Yonder harbor proved to be a private basin designed for an 80' cruiser, presently at large in search of amusement. Enclosed by a wall of massive planks, the basin boasted a 100' pier that stood about 6' high, the perfect accommodation for my yacht. I found a ladder, made fast, and scrambled ashore. Just ahead stood a lovely six-room granite house, the caretaker's cottage, but no one answered my knock.

Climbing the hill I came to the Manse itself. A grey-haired lady came to the door, a lady of elegant bearing, exquisitely groomed. She eyed my ragged cutoff jeans and wet bare feet before she deigned to usher my wild self in. I was graciously allowed to call my father. Then we sat in the library, a little room with about ten thousand volumes, and waited for my parent to come and claim me. The lady scarcely spoke a word, she never left the room. It was obvious that the likes of me were not to be trusted with anything so precious as a book.

## Berkshire Boat Building School

Summer Classes in Building the 11' Solo  
and the 14' Solo/Tandem Canoes



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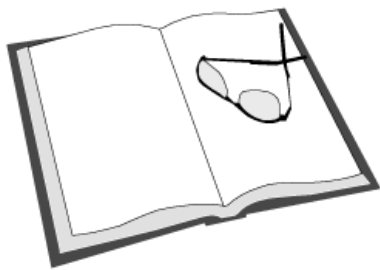
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## Book Review

### Atkin & Co. Boat Designs for Unregimented Yachtsmen

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Reviewed by Robb White

Let me explain something first shot out of the box. I am not a real book reviewer and don't want to be confused with one. Critic, schmitic... what a presumptuous way to make a living. I think I can paraphrase the wonderful writer Ferrol Sams (*Run With the Horsemen*) and say, "Someone criticizing someone else's work is like an elephant giving himself an enema with his own nose." So, with that, on with my review of the new Atkin catalog.

This is a wonderful catalog... a real improvement over its predecessor. Previously there were a lot of boats that Pat Atkin (John's widow) still has plans for that were represented in the catalog only by a brief description, but this one has well-printed, crystal clear lines for each and every boat all the way from the little 6' pram "Tiny Ripple" to the 50' harbor tugboat "Henry Johnson James." All the boats are arranged in logical categories like "Rowboats and Outboards" or "Inboard Utilities and Runabouts" and in order of length in each category. Did you know that William Atkin designed an inboard boat only 10'7" long? That's "Tinkle Bell." The book is printed on good paper and bound by one of those plastic ring binders that are so well adapted to flipping rapidly when you want to look for something in a hurry. The index is on the last page and is correct and complete.

I am going to stop this review right here and explain something else so you can quit reading and go on to something else if you don't like a little personal prejudice in your book reviews. The Atkins, both William and John, are heroes of mine from way back. I just love the way they named each boat they designed. For me, reading the old names in the catalog must be a little like a Southern Baptist (which I am not) reading his Bible. The names are all familiar and reading them will make a true believer nod his head and say "Amen" at each and every one... "Bagaduce," "Glass Slipper" "Eric" (who, y'all what a boat! Amen to that.) "Magic Minnow," "Rescue Minor," "Rough

Weather," "Margery Daw," and "Surprise." You know "Surprise" is a 19' cuddy-cabin-style, planing, shallow-draft motorsailer and if that ain't a surprise I don't know what is. I wonder if Patrick O'Brien plagiarized that name?

Do you remember when Bob Hicks serialized the book *Track of the Typhoon* about the boat the editor of *MotorBoat* magazine, William Nutting, sailed from Nova Scotia to England and back? Well, William Atkin designed the "Typhoon" in 1920 and she was a good boat. He also designed the "Eric" for Nutting who was his good friend, but he wouldn't wait and bought a ready-made boat in Norway and was lost with all hands sailing back to the States. I advise you to look at the lines for "Eric." I believe that one would have brought old Nutting in, don't you?

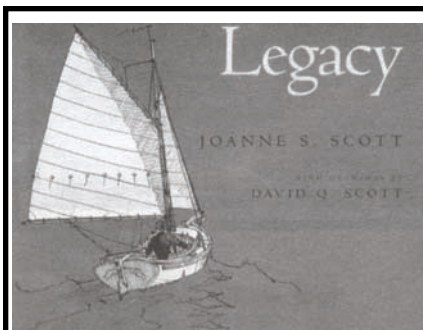
All that's water under the bridge and so are the plans for "Typhoon" and a bunch of others. In the terrible hurricane of 1938, Atkin Sr. (called Billy with great respect) and his whole family had to swim for it at the height of the storm and a lot of old plans were lost, but there are about 325 plans in this catalog. The Atkins were some of the most prolific designers of boats ever. For many years they had a new design in every issue of *MoToR BoatinG*.

The overlap between the two men when son John came into the business after WWII is so subtle that only a real drafting expert can detect any difference. Experts say that John was a little more this and William was a little more that but, the net result is a catalog full of some of the best boats ever rendered on a piece of paper and the words to go with them. I could not begin to convey the marvel of the old prose in *MoToR BoatinG* (actually capitalized like that) but it was like reading one of the old Victorian books that actually had something to say. Rudyard Kipling probably read the descriptions of those boats and nodded his head and might have said "Amen." There is a section of that prose in the form of a very wise essay separating each section of the catalog. I advise you to tear your eyes from the drawings long enough to read them.

The boats of the Atkins are the main thing though. It isn't good to brag on yourself too much and John did not do it at all (I won't say about Billy), so Daniel MacNaughton, who knows a thing or two about a thing or two and writes well about it, was brought in to say exactly what I would have said. "The boats probably survive the many years partly because they are almost irresistible in person, with a sort of tough, competent, and restrained beauty which inspires total faith and strong affection."

He was talking about just one boat and I'll let you guess which one, but that strong affection carries a long, long way. Some of William's early motor cruisers have a little bit of a Humphrey Bogart or Hemingway look to them and there is nothing wrong with that. Unlike most of the current crop of boat drivers, Hemingway and Bogart knew something about boats and the ocean. John said, "And Shipmate, never forget, the sea remains the same." That's just about covers it.

Additional Atkin material: *Of Yachts and Men*, William Atkin, www.atkinboatplans.com. An extremely well done online catalog by John Kohnen. <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/AtkinBoats/> is a chatroom about Atkin boats with some photos, monitored by John Kohnen.



### By Joanne S. Scott

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The Maine Boatbuilders Show takes place each March in a series of connected 19th century brick buildings that once housed a locomotive foundry. Cavernous spaces bristle with vestiges of obsolete industry. Now, picture this appealingly gritty setting filled with picnic boats and lobster yachts, each so pristinely precious that no shoes are allowed on board.



Shopping for a lobster yacht? Leave your lace-up shoes at home.

Yeah. It kind of put me off, too, and I hadn't attended the event in several years. But then I read an article by writer and boatbuilder Nick Brown about how the Boatbuilder Show was all about running into old friends. "Eureka!" I cried. "Forget about yachts. I will go to the show and look for old friends."

There's no parking on site, so show-going began with a brisk walk along Portland's blustery waterfront and across old railroad tracks to the former foundry's entrance. Inside an astounding array of rowing boats, power dories, daysailers, and every other variety of small craft lined the walls. Most booths displayed recently completed projects so an antique guideboat, beautifully restored, immediately grabbed my eye. David Rosen of Adirondack

Guideboat with a beautifully restored antique. The sign says, "These are NOT Canoes!"



## 2006 Maine Boatbuilders' Show

By Kinley Gregg

Guideboat had also brought several newly built boats and enthusiastically promoted their speed, portability, and seaworthiness. Hard to argue with any of his points, not that I'm inclined to argue.

Although the small boat building was crowded with fascinating craft, throngs of people made my head swim. I remembered my resolution to find old friends and worked my way toward the area where larger vessels were displayed.

First stop on the friends itinerary: Rumery's Boatyard of Biddeford, Maine. Back in the '90s Rumery's owner Ethan Cook lived across the street from me. I recall one day hiking out to my garage, aka my boathouse, and finding a pair of oars I had never seen before. Not little dinghy oars, but proper sculling blades, 10' long. Where did they come from? Hmm. Suspicion settled on Ethan. I confronted him.

"Yes," he admitted, he'd left them there. Apparently he'd bought the oars for a song, realized he had no use for them, then abandoned them in my garage because, as he explained, "I didn't think you'd notice." Twenty linear feet of boat propulsion? I noticed! Ethan was displaying the Alerion, a lovely 26' loa sloop he modestly described as "the prettiest boat in the show."

Across from Rumery's an ailing John Alden schooner awaited complete restoration. Unlike the other exhibits, which had been trailered in for the event, *Tar Baby*, partially deplanked, was blocked up in her sick bay, a shoal of decrepitude in a glossy sea of gelcoat. She was hogged when show organizer Phin Sprague bought her in 2004 and work now focuses on straightening her out in preparation for replacing the keel.

Below one had to be careful not to step on the pockets of light underfoot. Nonetheless, *Tar Baby's* impeccable workmanship showed through her fatigue and

*Tar Baby's* saloon featured a coal grate ornamented with Delft tile.



admirers lingered in her saloon, reluctant to leave. I appreciated that in this litigious era visitors were allowed aboard to see what had been and imagine what may be again.

The vendors of accessories; rigging, hardware, batteries, varnish, and so on, were located upstairs along with insurers, brokers, and non-profit groups like the Coast Guard Auxiliary and the Maine Island Trail Association. I had just reached the second floor and stood at the top of the stairs trying to comprehend order out of swarming confusion when a voice called my name. I turned to see artist and fellow oarswoman, Wendy Turner, standing among a selection of her seascapes.



Kittery Poinr artist Wendy Turner brought a selection of coastal scenes.

Wendy must have noticed my surprise to find a painter exhibiting at a boatbuilders' show, for she quickly volunteered that she owns nine boats, adding, "I caught boat buying fever from my father." We chatted a bit, then she pointed to a crowd of (male) people gathered around an unseen object of great interest. A diminutive composting toilet, Wendy said, had been mesmerizing men all day.

On that note, as my mother would say, I started off again and straight away ran into Doug and Betsy Scott. We were all hungry so we made our way to the lunch concession and sat down to catch up. Doug still builds boats for Lowell's Boat Shop and Betsy still teaches school. They've combined these pursuits in a program that brings Newburyport High School students to Lowell's, where they learn boatbuilding and miscellaneous life skills.

After lunch I sought out Echo Rowing to confabulate with Doug Martin and Ted and Lorna Perry, neither of whom I had seen in a whole three weeks since they exhibited at the Crash-B world indoor rowing championships in Boston. I had bought an Echo last fall for winter rowing, but somehow the idea of winter rowing turned out to be more appealing in concept than as an actual concrete happening and I had spent the cold months messing about on ergs.

Ted Perry of Echo Rowing chats up prospects.





Kittery oarsman Dan O'Reilly stopped by Echo to show off a spectacular photo of himself in his pulling boat, *Mocking Gull*, cutting close across the bow of a huge cruising sailboat. Ripples reflect off the highly polished hull. Yachtsmen glare down from the deck. Dan rows blithely on.

By now I was getting tired. Information overload was setting in. My bag was full of brochures and my notebook full of notes. I started retracing my path through the labyrinth of boats. A chance encounter with rowers Bob and Judy Yorke and I was out the door and on my way home. Thanks, Nick. You were right. It's not the Hinckleys. It's the hanging out.



Overview of the small boat display area.



Capt. G.W. Full & Associates advertised their marine surveying business with a display of rotten wood and corroded fittings.

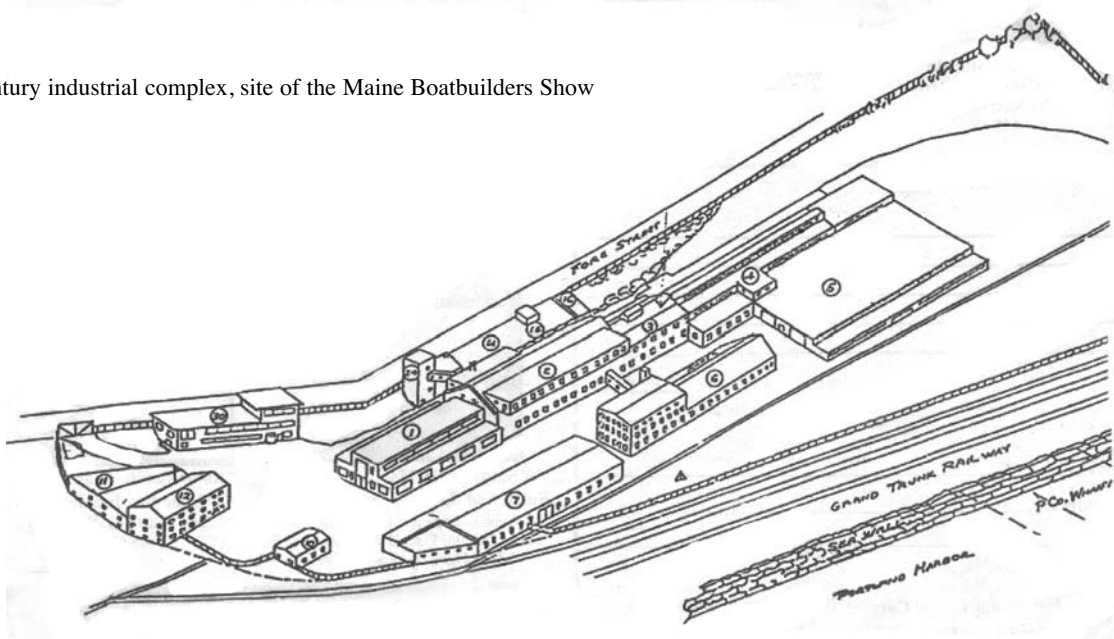


Outside the venue a project. Spray paint says, "Stay off!" and "Not for Sale!"



Lobster yacht.

19th century industrial complex, site of the Maine Boatbuilders Show







Paris: Gare de Lyon, September 2, 1995. We locate our train and schlep our bags aboard. Jeff holds our seats while I watch for Chatani-Sensei. Gary explores the station, which is an evocation of the Belle Epoque. By departure time no Sensei appears, so its off to Nevers, two hours non-stop southeast of Paris. Sensei is waiting at Nevers, a big smile on his face. We take a taxi to the boat rental base at Marseilles-les-Aubigny. The driver is using his car phone, gesticulating with both hands while passing everything on the road. We arrive pale of face with shaking knees.

At the boat base the staff has no English. My French is not up to details of contract finalization. The timely arrival of Canadian Steve saves the day. The "mechanic" briefs Steve on boat operation and we load bicycles aboard *Jamacia 19*. Steve and Sensei will share the after cabin, Jeff and Gary will bunk amidships, and I have the forward cabin with the leaky skylight.

At the village we stock up on crusty bread and an assortment of cheeses. With Sensei at the controls we set off northwards, on the canal lateral a la Loire. The boat steers poorly, needing constant attention to maintain a straight course. While underway we arrange to rotate steering duties. Also, Steve, who has seagoing experience, will be chief boat handler. Jeff will specialize as steward-cook, Gary will be chief deckhand, and

## 6 Architects, 5km/hr, 4 Canals, 3 Weeks, 2 Rivers, 1 Boat Canal-Cruising In the Heart of France

By Phil Thiel

Sensei will assist. I will monitor the time/distance scheduling and also assist as required.

We encounter our first lock (descending) and make a transit. With one person at the controls we put one man ashore and used a third onboard to pass lines. Onwards to the next lock, 2.8 kilometers ahead. The countryside is broad and open, dotted with scattered forests. The placid canal, bordered at intervals with a single line of trees, reflects puffy white clouds in a cool bright sky. We have our first communal onset of euphoria.

We decide to overnight at Beffes, the next lock, and go ashore to lay in supplies at the neighboring village. Our first al fresco meal, complete with tablecloth and candles, takes place with the cabin roof rolled back. Jeff receives compliments. After supper Steve lays out a two-week course in French for Jeff and Gary.

Early Sunday morning rain gives way to another clear day. We motor, at five kilometers per hour, to the bridge at la Chapelle Montlinard where we encounter ten middle-aged Germans in black leather on gorgeous super-chromed Harley Davidsons en route from Hamburg to a convention in Valencia. We tie up for a bicycle trip across the Loire to visit the town of La Charite-sur-Loire. Several hours later we proceed to the lock at Herry to overnight. We explore the canal-side village of low, mossy stone buildings and have a memorable supper at the Boule d'Or.

Monday starts cool and dewy and provides more cloud-dappled blue skies. At ecluse (lock) Grange we moor and Jeff and Gary bike into Pouilly-sur-Loire while Sensei and I venture off to see the XVII-century chateau which the guide advises as "worth a visit." Steve remains aboard to study his French.

After making a wrong turn, Sensei and I end up where we started and it's off again for another try. Since it is now apparent it will be a long walk, we hitchhike and are favored by a friendly painter (his big easel in the back seat). He is delighted to find we are "artists" (architects) also and takes us blithely past the "entry interdit" sign at the entrance up a long winding road through a forest to the turnaround before the gates of the forecourt. Symmetrical service buildings line both sides, at the far end is the southern facade of the four story stone and brick slate-roofed chateau. A formal arrangement of cube-shaped trees in cubical wooden planters and rectangles of rough grass furnish the space. No one is about but we raise a woman from the nearby building who indicates that the patron is in the main house.

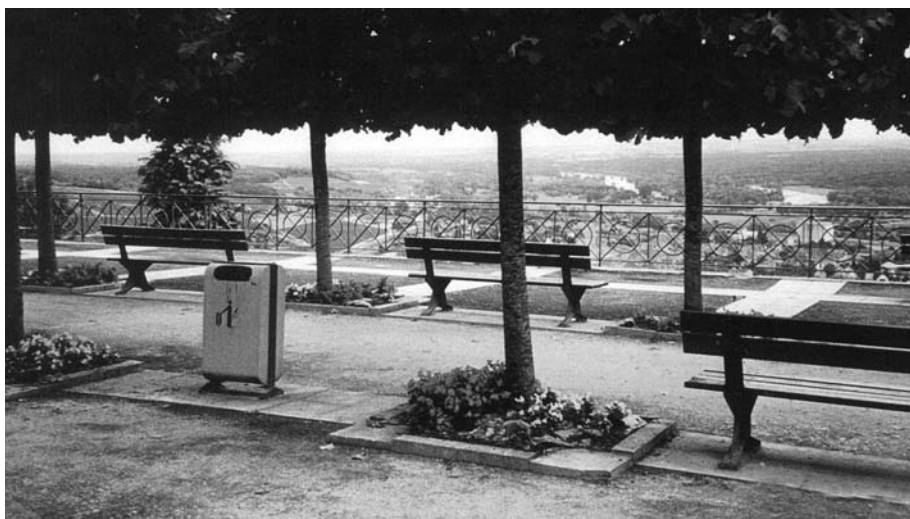
A long walk from the gate brings us there and happily he soon emerges. Tall, thin, wearing tweed jacket and corduroy trousers, he acknowledges our professional interest and walks us around the building, pointing out certain details and the distant view of Sancerre on its hilltop to the north. Back at the gate we walk an equal distance in a grassy field to the south to a lone stone figure on a pedestal, on axis with the chateau, of a young lady smiling coyly at it while disrobing.

Back at the boat we move to the yacht basin at St. Thibault where we replenish our water and moor for the night. The next morning we prowl the town and cross the canal to St. Satur, where streams of enormous trucks race through the winding narrow medieval streets, Steve, Jeff, and Gary take the bus to Bourges to inspect the cathedral while Sensei and I explore Sancerre on the nearby hill. Here we discover a touristic environment but also a fine promenade with a panoramic view of the vineyards.

Taxiing back to the boat they stop at an enormous supermarket just outside St. Satur. That evening at Cafe Jamacia, chef Jeff serves green salad, broiled chicken with potatoes and carrots, pate, melon, pears and yogurt, assorted cheeses, and the local white wine.

Wednesday, September 6, at Lock 35 (Peseau) we discover a most picturesque scene and spend several hours sketching. Following lunch al fresco and the consequent naps, we drift on northwards with stops at the hamlets of Belleville and Plaimbray. We are floating in a pastoral dream world where one idyllic scene succeeds the next and time has no meaning.

There is a thunderstorm during the night and the boat is restless at its moorings. The





morning overcast gives way to sun and we reconnoiter the village. A local dog follows us along the towpath and we put Gary ashore to take him back to his home. Food and water are taken aboard at Beaulieu. Below Chatillon-sur-Loire we tie up to investigate the junction of the earlier version of the canal with the Loire. There, at Port de Chatillon, we discover an assemblage of fine stone buildings, bridges, basins, and locks and a bluff overlooking the river valley to the southwards. Gary and Steve decide to measure and map the ensemble and we spend part of the next day doing this.

But we are concerned that Sensei must get to Paris by Saturday night. Thus we proceed to Briare and experience the high point of a transit of Eiffel's aqueduct carrying the canal over the Loire. Here we explore the town while waiting for the banks to open and buy newer editions of our canal maps. Then it's onwards through a manicured forest and a series of 18 deserted automated locks. We are now on the Canal de Briare, the oldest in France (begun in the reign of Henry IV and finished in 1640) and climbing towards the summit. On the other side we descend a series of six modern locks to Rogny.

That evening, and the next morning, we explore the adjacent flight of seven XVII century locks, preserved as a monument, and marvel at this example of engineeringchutzpa. I sketch in the village and by noon Sensei has departed by taxi to the nearest train station for Paris. We speculate on the forthcoming origami of the locks at Rogny.

At Chatillon-Coligny we resupply. There is an antique shop at the side of the canal. One hour and many francs later we leave for a quiet moorage for the night a few kilometers ahead.

The next day we lunch at Lock 26 (Montbouy) and, after naps, proceed to Montargis. Here families with children are Sunday promenading along the towpath, watching the boats transit the locks. Here a lock keeper extorts a bottle of wine from us for his services and we let him earn it by providing no assistance. We tie up in the town to await the arrival of Donn.

The custom is to assist the lock keepers with the work of opening and closing the sluices and gates and to tip them with cash or small gifts. We standardized on red bandanna handkerchiefs as a distinctly American souvenirs for our pourboire and found them to be generally accepted with bemused pleasure.

Donn appears early next morning. There is much unseemly noise about my alleged mispronunciation of certain key words in the specification of the rendezvous. All hands to a laundromat and a supermarket and an outfitting with (scarce) berets. Underway after noon, through two locks, and then, because of propeller vibration, to a stop at the third where a phone call to base brings out a mechanic after a wait of only 1-1/2 hours. By unbolting some hydraulic gear in the engine compartment we are able to open the hatch over the propeller and extricate a large amount of heavy plastic sheeting.

We are now on the Canal du Loing on the way to the Seine. During the following night, moored on a lonely reach in a dark forest, we are awakened by the transit of two large barges, bulking large and high in the water with searchlights cutting a tunnel ahead out of the gloom. They motor slowly past us and all returns to quiet darkness. There is supposed to be no canal traffic at night. Was this



an illusion? Several of us remain awake, to snack and discuss the question.

The next morning we move on, to stop and explore Nargis, and later an old canal-side hydroelectric plant generating electricity from the river Loing, which the canal is presently paralleling. At Nemours we hear from an ecluser that the transit of the "phantom barges during the night was an exception connected with a movie shoot. Next comes Moret-sur-Loing, where we spend much time enjoying the townscape with its city gates, cathedral, weirs, and riverside chateaux.

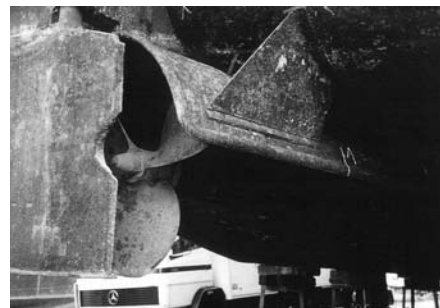
Just before the junction with the Seine we pass a shipyard and I go ashore to investigate the underwater details of a hauled-out barge. We hang a right and enter the Seine, heading eastward. We stop for water and to top up our fuel tank. The broad river is a change from the narrow canals and we are passed in both directions by pairs of tandem barges traveling very fast. At Montereau we can see no sympathetic place to moor and, continuing onwards, hang another right into the Yonne. We are now veering towards the south.

We overnight at the first lock and at 9am the next morning have our first experience in locking through with a pair of barges, a bit like being a flea on the dog, and complicated by sloping walls on the lock.

About 4pm we pull into Pont-sur-Yonne and moor adjacent to a boules court. This is a game in which individual players lob a heavy steel ball on an uneven earthen surface as close as possible to a small marker tossed about five meters distant. Several teams of players were engaged, with many spectators. Joining them, one thing leads to another and soon we are invited to try our hand and subsequently are treated to drinks at the adjacent club shack. Our mentor turns out to be the champion of northern France and we visit his nearby shop to procure our own sets (at a discount, of course). From this moment dates the onset of the boules disease, symptoms are the necessity to practice at the boules court of every subsequent town and village.

Later that evening we have supper at Tire Bouchon (Corkscrew) to treat Jeff for his extraordinary gastronomic services in the common interest.

Underway next morning at 9am we make a flying stop at the riverside boules shop for another purchase and then continue upstream to arrive at Sens at 11. First we visit the train station (across the river from the city) to check the Paris train schedule, and









wearing only a helmet, accompanied by a large defiant rooster.

At this point some commonalities in the lock tenders' cottages could be discerned. Although the specifics varied from canal to canal, the general arrangement seems to be composed of two rooms with a ladder-accessed loft over and on one side, under a leanto roof, a shed with a cellar under. Sometimes there was a single room wing in addition. In one abandoned building we found a fireplace in each of the two main rooms and a sink and hand pump in the kitchen areas.

In this segment, for the first time, we travel in company with other tour boats. (It must be very different at the high season.) Here also we encounter several lift bridges, which must be cranked open (and closed) to pass. By this time we are sufficiently adept at lock operations and disguised in work clothes (with berets) to be taken as locals and are secretly amused to be photographed by other tourists as "picturesque natives."

At lock 60, Rave'reau, we have an opportunity to study an abandoned lock tender's house of an apparently standard design. The canal/river is now meandering back and forth, at times skirting the foot of steep limestone cliffs. There are prehistoric sites in this area. We make a stop for food at Chatel Censoir, and discover yet another object lesson in picturesque urban design (pre-automobile).

Thursday, after a stop at Clamecy to check train schedules and case the town, we progress on to Brevest where, on the southern edge, we discover a deceptively simple, elegant siting of a walled graveyard, a church

and a priory, fronted by a double row of massive chestnut trees on either side of the access road which, in turn, is at right angles with the highway and in line with a path across the highway leading up to a statue of a young girl playing boules. On either side of this path are a children's playground, a boules court, and a clubhouse, all bounded by low hedges in geometric disposition.

Friday, September 22, is our last day in transit. We are scheduled to turn over the boat at the base in Chitry-les-Mines early the next morning. At 9am we are underway on a misty canal with the sun breaking through. We stop for lunch at Monceau-le-Compte in company with five other boats heading for the same base. After four swing bridges and six locks we reach the base at 5pm. I explore the town on foot while Donn and Gary bicycle into Corbigny.

Saturday, September 23, we clean the boat and settle for the fuel oil ullage. Then it's off to Corbigny by taxi with our bags. Here we wait at the train station for the bus to Clamecy. We manage to buy our tickets

four minutes before the train (mindful of the strict train schedules) and, after a transfer at Auxerre, are finally set down again in Paris at the Gare de Lyon.

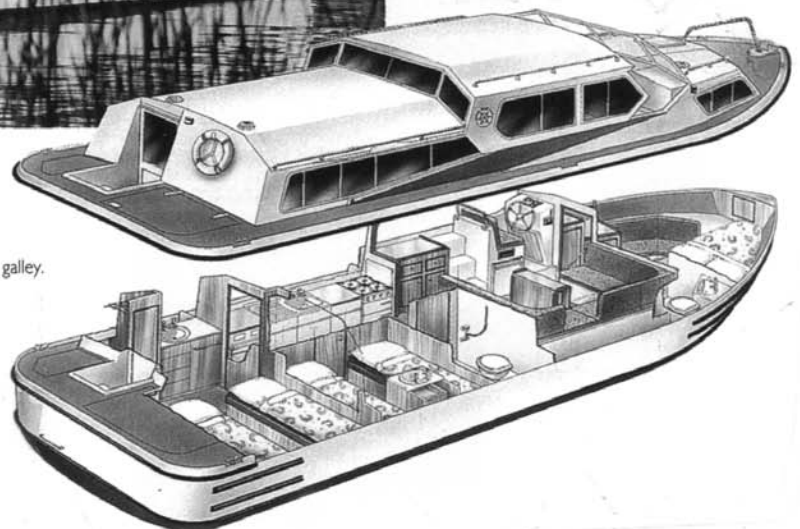
In retrospect: This tour was officially scheduled for two weeks, we arranged for three thinking it would allow more time for spontaneous diversions, sketching, and reflective digestion of new experiences. But we were overwhelmed (as well as enchanted). Three continuous weeks of superb scenery, entrancing townscapes, fine food, excellent weather, friendly people, and challenging boat handling were really a bit too rich. It began to seem somewhat unreal during the first week, and thereafter we were floating in a sort of euphoric dreamworld where each day brought more new delights and pleasure. How concentrated and sustained a dose of such a regimen can the human system handle?

This is a very interesting question. I have already surveyed a canal in Alsace Lorraine which seems to offer good research possibilities.



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It was the middle of February and the word was that winter had finally arrived in Northland, U.S.A. They said they had a lot of snow all the way up the East Coast... enough to shut down New York City. I don't know how much it takes to do that but a light dusting will stultify Atlanta. I hate to keep being so mean but somebody has to chronicle the simple facts as they actually are instead of over-elaborating every dadblamed thing.

Like on the TV, for instance. Jane likes to watch the medical announcements of the endless discussion about these meaningless, contradictory "studies" they are always doing so she will know what all will prevent old age. I watched (and listened) enough that week to know that TV medicos don't know batshit, Southerners can't drive worth a flip, and Cheney just plain shot the old man.

One thing I learned firsthand, without the vicarious, elaborate extravagance of the TV, was that all my tirades and instructional essays have not taught some yahoos over here on this island how to anchor a damned boat. Some of us islanders managed to be here to make another trash pickup with the volunteers from the Nature Conservancy. What happened was that during all these hurricanes about ten houses got bashed into smithereens on the seaside of the island and everything, including the kitchen sink, washed over the dunes into the Nature Conservancy's woods. It was the most hideous mess you ever saw.

I'll resist the urge to expound into a rage but I sure don't understand how a family can just abandon a whole houseful of everything and leave it tottering on the brink for years and years after the county condemns it and cuts off the electricity. I mean, the refrigerator is full of petrified (long past putrified) everything, the curtains are still in the windows, the soap still in the soap dish, the Christmas decorations still hung up, the phone still on the wall... everything... mayonnaise, ketchup, pickles, condoms, romance novels, pillows... septic tanks, drain field pipes... everything.

We dug up 16 toilets. One of them was still associated with its little blue rug with the semicircle cut out and a matching terry cloth (who was this "Terry"? ) lid cover with a fat little fish picture on it. After I got all that dug up I set it up on a little hill overlooking the scene for a joke. About an hour later I looked in that direction and there was a tired Nature Conservancy volunteer sitting there taking her shoes off to dump out the sand. I was a little slow with my camera but I probably couldn't have gotten a model release signed anyway.

To bring this lament to a close, there have been three pick-up projects and those Nature Conservancy people hauled a pure mountain of rubbish to the place where the island's landing craft can get to it. There have been a few islanders like Jane and me working, too, but not many. Most of them drive by in their SUVs and glare at us for clogging up the road with the trash trailer while they talk on the cell phone. It kind of makes an old man like me feel mean.

So we picked up trash all day Saturday. It was a perfect day for that. It was warm and there was just enough wind to make it so it was possible to wear long sleeves so we wouldn't get the old sun damaged skin cut up picking pantyhoses and telephone cords out of bramble bushes. It was also pretty foggy so the sun wasn't hot and the fog wet the

## A Rude Awakening... Involving a toilet and a skunk and 50 bucks an inch

By Robb White

wings of the relentless mosquitoes who have bred up in all the water-filled refrigerators lying on their backs (the compressor makes them self-righting) scattered all through the woods. When we shook the bushes trying to untangle the guts of a whole built-in vacuum cleaner system, we could see the mosquitoes launch themselves at us and fall short of the mark.

I stomped 11 jillion of them into blotches on the white sand just out of spite and gained one or two skeptical looks from volunteers who caught me speaking to those helpless mosquitoes as I took my revenge on their whole tribe. "Yeah, you little bastard, you, take this.. and that cell phone, too." You know ethologists (people who study the behavior of animals) have a name for that. It is called "displacement behavior." It happens when a little dog wants to bite a big dog but has too much sense so he bites the pine cone and glares at the big dog while he chews it into little pieces. I think that's why some dogs chew their owner's shoes. They probably mumble under their doggy breath between vigorous gnaws on the Gucci loafer, "Yeah, this is YOU, you sanctimonious son of a bitch, 'SIT' your dadblamed self."

We were tired when we got home so we listened to the "Prairie Home Companion" and drank a glass of box-style red for our TV-prescribed medicine and went to bed early. It was a silent, foggy night. You could barely hear the seaside surf and that was it. That was it until about 1:30 in the morning when a yowling norther hit with a vengeance. The artificial weather man/woman (both of them) had assured us that the cold front whipping down from the frozen wheat fields of Alberta was going to stop way before it got to the coast and we were going to continue to have clear, warm days with a light SE wind, "Bay and inland waters a light chop, patchy fog dense at times."

Yeah, right. I ought to have known better. I saw those high cirrus and alto cumulus clouds up there beginning to look sort of parallel about sunset. We could have switched Garrison off and rigged the running lights and run for it but that glass of red had settled into our old tired bones and we just went to bed. When it hit, it was a single 30-minute gust about 45 knots that started the screen wire whistling and the joints of the house creaking. I leapt from my bed with my binoculars and five cell flashlight and peered through the racing fog at the Rescue Minor pitching in the shallows to the twin lines of the good old Bahama moor. I knew those two little Chinese Bruces (was that Bruce Lee?) were digging down like a pair of Busycon conchs. I tried to see how the neighbor boats were doing but the fog was too thick and I knew the norther was set in to blow dead onshore all night long and they couldn't possibly drag down the beach to us so I went back to bed and slept like a person who knows that life is good.

One of the things that has happened as I have gotten older is that I can remember a few dreams when I wake up. When I was young I used to have the most entertaining dreams but they evaporated into non-con-

densable vapor before morning. Now I can't remember real things that happen during the day but I can remember some really unreal things I dreamed at night. As the wind of the norther settled down to a steady 25 and the old house settled down to ride it out I dreamed about a skunk.

In the dream Jane and I had driven back through the bushes at the head of the big swampy pond on the old home place in the old rusted out green VW we had in Puerto Rico to look at a flat tire on the tractor I had abandoned out of frustration back in there. I wanted to see if the bead of the tubeless tire was still sealed to the rim good enough to pump up or not. While we were digging around trying to make that determination, a very large and fat skunk got in the back seat of the car and refused to get out when we got ready to go. We tried all sorts of things short of getting on his (or her... couldn't tell) nerves too bad but the skunk would not get out.

We decided to drive back out of there to get away from the mosquitoes and also in hopes that the skunk would not like it when the car cranked up and began to move but that didn't work. Though we left both doors open the whole way, the skunk continued to sit like a fat little person in the back seat with his dirty little belly poking out. When we got up to "The Drive" (a dirt road through the whole place my great great grandfather had hired ex-slaves to build, by hand, in 1890) I decided to see if I could gently take the skunk out with my hands, but as soon as I grabbed him around the belly, he glommed onto both my arms and hands with all four feet most tenaciously and I couldn't turn him loose.

Jane had to drive with me in the passenger seat holding the skunk on my lap. His hair was very bristly and though he did not smell like a skunk, he did not smell good at all... sort of like a wet otter or dog. We drove to Thomasville, for some reason, with me holding the skunk and stopped at the big printing plant I had painted the whole inside of for \$1.75 an hour just after I got out of the Navy in '63. We went in and there were all these machines working and steam in the air and all. A woman came to greet us and I handed her the skunk who went willingly and grabbed the woman just like he had grabbed me.

"Run Jane!" I hollered and we bolted for the door with the woman right behind us. There was no way we could beat her to the car and get turned around so we ran through the parking lot gradually outrunning the poor woman with the skunk. We hopped over some busted curbing and I picked up some chunks of cement and started throwing them at the woman. That's when Jane woke me up because I was running and thrashing in the bed.

By then it was almost day but still very foggy and colder than hell. I know I don't have any right to speak about cold so I would like to solicit a second opinion from some of y'all old seasoned Yankees who used to walk to school barefoot in the snow and, now that you have graduated and don't have to go to school anymore, come barefoot to Florida instead. When you are on your next snowbird expedition down there by Mickey's house, drop off for an hour or two in north Florida and stand on a north facing beach in your Birkenstocks when it is blowing fog about 25 knots and 38 degrees and tell me if it seems a bit chilly to you or not.

You know, despite the way I try to act like an ignorant provincial, I have been to a



lot of cold places. I have been to Keflavic, Iceland, y'all, but the coldest I have ever been in my life was standing on the taxi strip in Mayport, Florida, when I was in the Navy with the britches legs of my whites whipping around my shanks in a norther just like this one while I was waiting to get on a P2V to go back to Puerto Rico after Jane and I had plighted our troth.

Anyway, while we were lying there glad to be in our warm bed up in the drafty old thermostat-less house at Dog Island, I could tell that the tide was out by the sound so I said, "I believe the specks are going to be safe from the neighbors this morning," and rolled over to see if I could catch another little snooze without any interference by any damned skunks. The next thing I dreamed was that I smelled coffee.

That norther had beached every boat in the bay except ours. I trotted down for a quick pre-day reconnaissance foray and found one of the wad of boats on the beach was anchored with one of those plastic coated 10lb sheet metal anchors with 5' of plastic coated chain and only 10' of brand new half inch nylon line. All that ground tackle was so brand new it still had the stickers on it. The line had little tags in the lay of the strands so the mariner could tell how much he had let out.

That's how I knew he had anchored on 10'. There was 40' still in the original West Marine hank lying in the bottom of the boat. If he had let all that out, that factory made up brand new rig might have held but, in order to do that, he would have had to have had swinging room and that would have meant that he would have been up to his armpits in

that 58 degree water when he waded in and such a feat is not in the nature of these people. It ain't in my nature, either. That's why I love the close in and stationary aspects of the Bahama moor.

The reason I made the remark about the speckled trout (squeteague, spotted weakfish) being safe was that when these people arrived, late the afternoon before the norther, they had sat in the boat drinking beer and examining their fishing tackle and listening to about four or five VHF radios turned up as loud as they would go, as is the normal thing for big deal mariners around here. The volume of the radios was so loud that they had to talk louder so they could communicate all the wealth of knowledge they had about speckled trout fishing, maritime lore, seamanship, golf, women (I didn't hear anything about skunks), and how much they were looking forward to getting an early start first thing in the morning.

Well, first thing in the morning, they all came trotting down from their house about the time the fog thinned enough for me to see them with the binoculars. There were about ten of those fishermen and they were all dressed in identical black jump suits with identical logos across the back like they were some kind of "Team Diawa" or something. Diawa, schmiawa. That norther had the water blown off at least 200 yards and the boat was lying on one side of its deep vee with all the water and sand it could hold banked up against the down side of the cockpit where the engine controls were. Not only that, but I was able to notice that the switch was pulled on top of the transformer pole to their house.

You know, there is a high test link connecting the top high tension wire to the transformer terminal. When the electricity is turned on that link is hooked up, but when they cut you off they just pull it loose with the long fiberglass pole and it dangles and is easy to see. Non-payment of the electric bill is one way to get the link pulled. Another way is to have some apparent electrical problem like a rusted out meter base or burned up main breaker... all too common in an environment where salt spray blows constantly. If the meter reader can look through the rusty holes into the meter box and see naked fuses or fire or smoke or evidence of fire or smoke, he'll throw the link on you. Electricity is the only "energy source" for heat, toilet, running water, and other comforts over here.

Cell phones appeared upon ten of the 20 ears of "Team Diawa" and pretty soon, here came a vehicle down the road. I recognized it immediately. Rescue was at hand. There is this guy over here who makes his living off of just such a predicament as that. I won't bore you with the details but I bet they involved a long time and a lot of money. I wouldn't know anyway because Jane and I strolled down the beach with our bucket and my new homemade and most excellent aluminum-bronze oyster knife. The sun came out and we sat down in a bright spot in the lee of the creek bank and shucked out over a pint of now red-tide-free oysters and, when we walked back home to make the stew, those fishermen and their boat were gone. There was a 200-yard long pure ditch leading from the beach to the water where (I guess) the Sea Tow boat dragged that big deep vee..... probably cost 50 cents an inch.

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Harvey Van Matre, my technician, the one who kept the state's boats running, our lives safe, and increased our knowledge many times over on all things commercial fishing on the lower Texas coast, was looking at the lower unit. We had just winched the 12' Sneaker Skooter boat onto its trailer and pulled it up the boat ramp when Harvey noticed something peculiar on the prop as he was pivoting the lower unit back down. It was a swatch of gill net, monofilament gill net, very light line, no evidence of lead line or cork line, no more than a square foot of it wrapped around the prop.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he exclaimed, rarely perplexed and not one given to any foul language. Harvey looked at me as if I had put it there.

"Hey I didn't do it Harv, whatcha lookin' at me like that for?" I grinned.

"Did you feel anything when we were making that last run out in the flats, any tug or bump?" he asked. "I sure didn't."

"Nope, not a thing, not so much as a bobble, and if we'd seen something strange

## Outlaws Of the Laguna Madre Part 2

By Ron Bennett

we would've shut down and looked it over, but I don't remember seeing a gill net set out there, besides, you damn sure would've alerted me to anything unusual since we're not prone to just taking joy rides."

And here we were making a daylight run routinely checking trotlines for compliance, flagging and tagging primarily. During the '70s a plastic tag was required for each 300' of trotline. The tags were sequentially numbered and, if we found a trotline in violation, we could trace the owner by tag receipts, that is, if the tag was still there.

It seemed that in this business of enforcing game and fish laws it was two steps forward and one back, but that was the nature of the beast. Those out to violate the game and

fish laws were certainly not going to advertise it and besides, "that's what they make game wardens for," as our grizzled instructor at the Texas A&M Game Warden Academy kept repeating ad nauseam, trying to fill our heads with training and skills rather than mush. You were right, Mr. Evins!

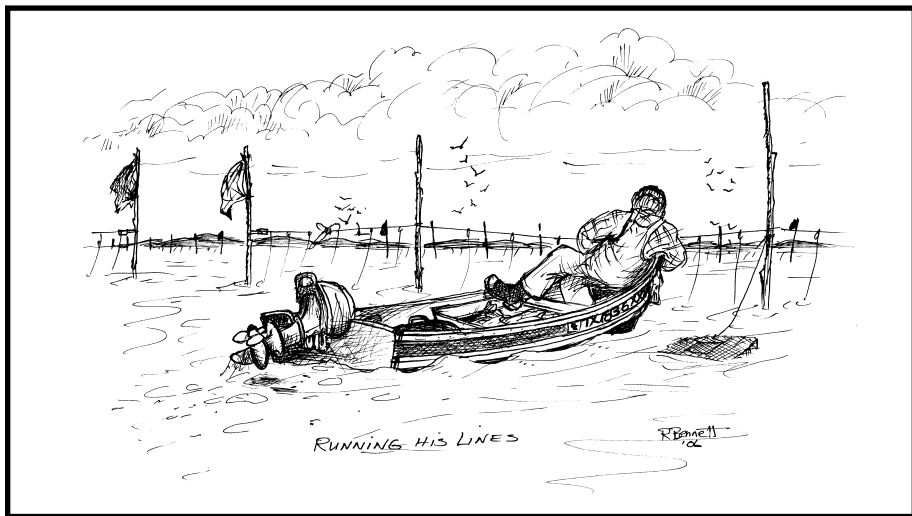
"Well, looks like a new method of gill netting we're dealing with now," Harvey said. "We'll have to get back out there and retrace our movements to see if we can find the net that we somehow ran through but didn't see or feel, um-ummm," he shook his head. It took a couple of hours, but we found it in about a foot-and-a-half of water in the flats now partially visible. After running through it we had disturbed it and since it had some fish in it they were thrashing around and we could see the line of net. "It doesn't have a cork line," Harvey said almost to himself as he spat tobacco over the side, logging it down in his encyclopedic store of coastal knowledge.

Harvey, once a commercial fisherman and the son of a commercial fisherman, had seen just about everything concerning that trade. He was recruited by one of the old hand game wardens, "Pappy" Bill Stewart, another treasure trove of knowledge if rookie game wardens would just listen to him. Pappy Bill saw good qualities in Harvey, while having basically only a third grade formal education, he was very skilled at outboard (and inboard) motor maintenance and repair. He was honest, dependable, and loyal. Pappy knew that he'd make a good technician for the state maintaining the boats and motors plus helping the game wardens with their duties.

Harvey kept Pappy's outboard purring for him as a favor many times and had helped him catch some particularly crafty illegal fisherman, which set a number of the local commercial fishermen against Harvey as well as producing threats of violence against him. Harvey went about his business, though, and Bill asked if he would consider working for the Texas Game and Fish Commission, as it was known back then, as a wildlife technician. This is the only slot that came close to fitting their duties and responsibilities. They were called boatmates by the game wardens, a label which is used to this day.

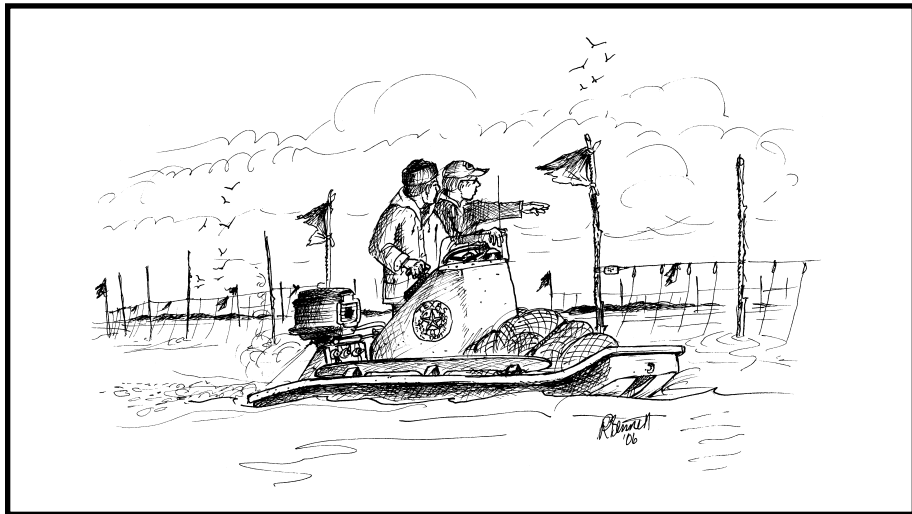
These men, while hired as maintenance technicians, were as much a part of the law enforcement team as the game wardens they served and were regarded as invaluable and held in high esteem. It took awhile to get Harvey on because Pappy Bill had to convince the powers that be that Harvey was honest and trustworthy enough to do the job and still live in Port Mansfield, not an easy task for a soon-to-be ex-commercial fisherman working for the game wardens who would have a direct impact on fishermen's livelihood, serious business.

That was 20 years ago and here we were, learning yet another method of circumventing the fishing laws. I was always fascinated by Harvey's knowledge and skills. He said, "This works because monofilament floats, no need for a telltale cork line. Set the lead line stretched out real tight and the monofilament webbing makes a good barrier, not as good as when rigged with cork line maybe but it catches fish like we see here, no doubt they've been doing this awhile." We passed the word up and down the coast, many wardens didn't believe it, they said we were imagining too much, probably needed more sleep, but it wasn't long before the



While the fisherman works his trotline removing fish and rebaiting or repairing the line as he goes, seagulls work schools of speckled trout in the flats. A perch trap, actually a live box, is tied off one of his stakes which holds live perch to bait the lines with. The trap is usually made of hardware cloth or small mesh chicken wire with small block of styrofoam inside to keep it just afloat. He's having a good day, the skiff is riding low, and his fish box is almost full.

Skirting along the lee of the trotlines on the Sneaker Skooter with a load of confiscated gillnet, Harvey indicates an area that we ought to check out, something looks suspicious. Sometimes a tightly bundled gillnet was tied off a trotline stake for later use, sometimes it was nothing, but anything that looked out of the ordinary was checked closely.





technique caught on up and down the coast where fin fishermen plied their trade. Another advantage is that with monofilament one can carry a lot more webbing, not near the weight and bulk of nylon webbing and cork lines, but it sure made our job harder. We didn't need that part.

One of the most frustrating things during my years in coastal law enforcement was convincing the upper echelon, who spent their days behind desks, which equipment would work better and what boats were more suitable for specific areas such as shallow bays where the average depth that fishermen worked in was 1-1/2' to 5', whether trotlining or gillnetting. We built a lot of our own equipment, but boats were a high cost item and had to be funded by an extensive bid system overseen by a bureaucracy that tended to be slow moving at best.

The Dargel Sneaker Skooter that we were using when I began my career on the coast was developed by Russell Dargel and made by his company, the Dargel Boat Works in San Benito, Texas ([www.dargel.com](http://www.dargel.com)). This model was 12' long with a tunnel hull and a small hydraulic hand pump system to raise the motor which was bolted to a sliding motor mount liftplate while underway for operating in our shallow waters. The console was shaped much like a submarine conning tower and had wraparound sides for spray protection. In some of the weather we ran in it almost acted like a submarine, too, which wasn't so much the design's fault but the operator's.

The top edge of the console sported a nicely curved plexiglass windscreen, pretty snazzy. The steering wheel was a large diameter, old timey looking wheel mounted at a bus driver angle, and the compass was mounted directly in front of the wheel. Our two-way radio was mounted on a shelf under the steering and the wire antenna mounted on the console's top tended to whip us in the face in a chop. One developed a technique of holding the antenna with a thumb hooked around it while holding onto the plexiglass windscreen. Salt water is hell on fairly exposed electronics, to say the least, which says a lot for those old radios, they kept working and on the water transmission range was forever.

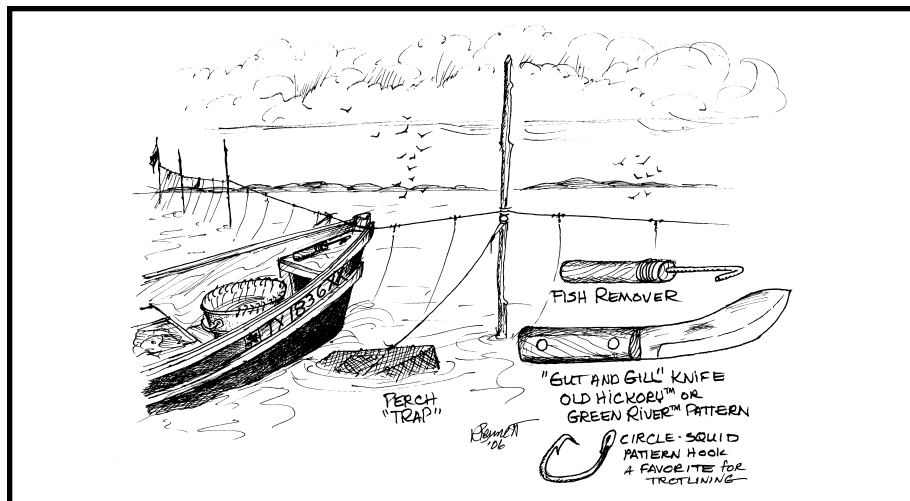
Splash boards were mounted along the gunnels which kept nets, fish, and other gear from being swept off while underway, they also afforded another way to tie off gear. We ran a Mercury 65hp on this boat and it worked well. The little boat handled well and would take a tight turn without cavitating unless the motor was raised too high, it was tough and fit our conditions perfectly. Mr. Dargel knew what he was doing with this design. It was a matter of someone who was from the area developing a boat for that same specific area and conditions, a win-win combination.

Years before, Harvey had helped build a tunnel drive 22' boat for the state that had a cuddy cabin for working the bays and allowing some comfort during two and three day work details. The stern could be rigged with a canopy for those hot south Texas summer days and meals could be prepared in relative comfort, providing a base out on the water from which to operate. They towed a couple of state boats that were used as work and chase boats then. The 22-footer was turned in for salvage before I got there due to teredo worm problems and rot, semi-tropical waters are not kind to wood boats that are worked long and hard between haulouts.

Harvey and I intended to build a more efficient work platform for game warden work. It had to be reasonably fast, good handling with a full load at speed, shallow running, and a load carrier. Phil Bolger sketched us out a good design, much like a big version of his Skimmer design which would have worked better than what we had at the time, but alas, two men with families in those days just couldn't afford to build a boat for the

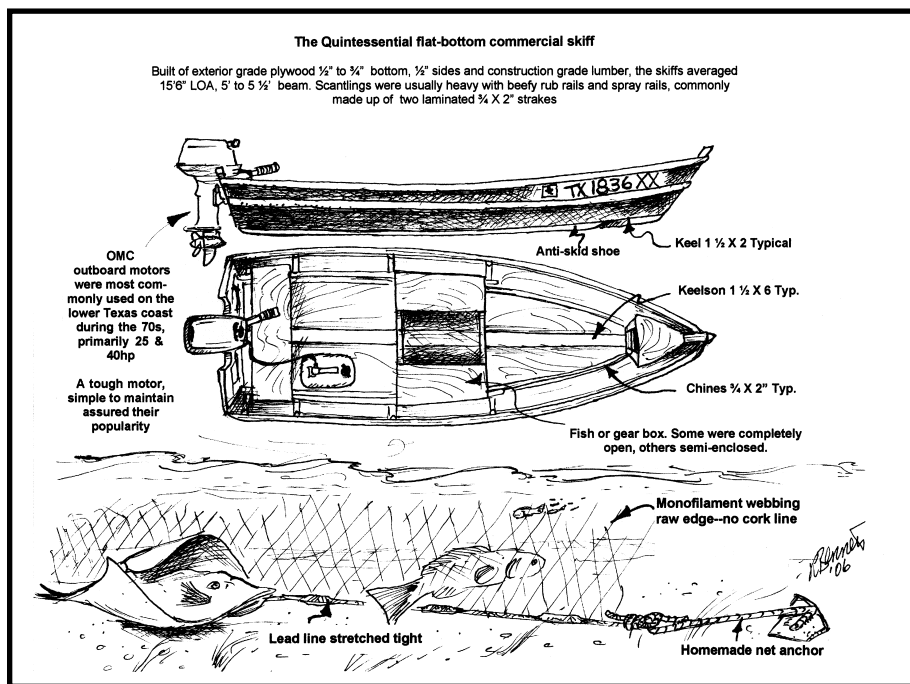
state since the state would not provide funding. It wasn't approved, you see.

Interestingly enough, while we were batting back and forth shallow running designs and tunnel hull technology, sketching ideas on envelopes and scratch paper, I pulled out one of my *MotorBoating's Ideal Series* books and showed Harvey the Rescue Minor design by William Atkin. Harvey took one look at the lines drawing and immediate-



Trotlines were built of hard-lay tarred nylon twine with a minimum of hardware. Staging or drop lines were made up of 30-50lb test monofilament secured to a heavy duty swivel on a simple loop or stopped between two knots on the mainline. Stainless circle squid pattern hooks were one of the favorite hooks used. The fish remover consisted of a rod bent into a sharp "V" mounted in a wooden handle. The "V" on the hook was slid against the hook shank and fish and with a flip of the wrist the fish could be removed and landed in the fish box with a little practice without having to handle the fish. The sketch shows a skiff on the lee of the trotline with its stempost tucked under the mainline allowing the fisherman a hands-free method of working the line, rebaiting, and moving to the next fish or task at hand. The skiff has a #2 wash-tub with a trotline coiled inside ready to string out, the hooks and staging ring the rim to keep from tangling the line. In the background, seagulls work over schools of specks moving through the flats.

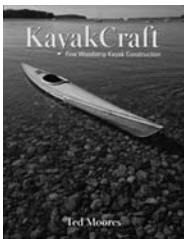
Owner-built commercial skiffs on the lower Texas coast ranged from very professional carpentry work to rough it'll do results. All served their purpose well, though. The skiffs were remarkably tough, large load carriers and, with a little maintenance, would last several years. Common denominator on the skiffs were heavy rubrails which were usually doubled 3/4"x2" and spray rails usually were of yellow pine. Boats were kept in the water tied to the fish house docks.







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ly said, "That's IT!" The man was a past master at reading design lines and in his mind he could already see it moving through the water, knew how the water would flow and feed the wheel when running in mighty thin water.

Robb White has proven that design's performance and value. We sure could've used it to great advantage, much better than the over-powered (and less efficient although highly psychological, which was part of the reason) standard production outboard motorboats, and we wouldn't have had to build it with lots of tumblehome on the transom either (are you listening, Robb). It would have been excellent for our work, for hauling in illegal gillnets, trotlines, confiscated fish, rescue work, and sadly, too, for body recovery.

No doubt the great shallow running capabilities coupled with a relatively quiet inboard would have been used to great advantage and the turn of speed it would give would have been more than adequate. Stealth ruled over brute power many times in our work. Well, we couldn't raise the money for that one either, the state sure lost out on a good deal.

We hauled in the 1,500' of newly discovered monofilament gillnet, pulled the red-fish, blackdrum, sheepshead, and specks out to be sold for the state, and sat down drifting gently northwest, sipping on a cup of Harvey's good coffee on a beautiful October day, life was good, sometimes we won.

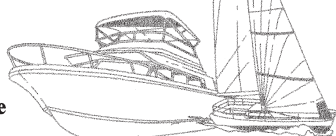


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I have thought many times over 30 years about old boats. Thinking may not be the right word as it is more the feelings that old boats engender that are prompting this. In general, I like boat yards. In addition to the usual sorties of need, I tend to gravitate to boat yards when all else fails and I need a boating fix, and I use boating "fix" advisedly.

By some other people's lights, addiction to boats should form a category in the psychiatric diagnostic scheme of things. Sometimes my own behaviour and the behaviour of friends and acquaintances seem only to confirm this. For myself I prefer quiet boat yards that have available a middling variety. With residents not too big, too new, or too expensive but on the other hand not too crude, un-aesthetically designed, neglected, plain aged, or beat up. All subjective qualities, I am sure.

Boat yards, by the way, come at different levels of boat owner prosperity. There are Up Market, Middle Market, and Down Market boat yards. This is arranged so the persons renting space will have neighbors of roughly equal affluence. There will be an unlimited supply of suitable candidates for inflicting unsolicited free advice. Also, a host of potential adversaries worthy of, and readily available for, deck to deck competitive action. Excessive boat draft which, except perhaps in racing, can afloat often be a limiting nuisance, in a boat yard can provide the advantage of elevation. After all, isn't this what yachting is all about?

As I wander through the jack stand alleys I wonder about the owners of these craft. I wonder about what they saw in them, what they have got out of them, and what they see in them now, a little like their wives. I wonder also about the boat's experience. Did the boat feel well handled, was she guid-

## Old Boats and Boat Yards

By David Banks

ed skillfully into safe waters. Did she experience grand days when the wind was from just the right quarter and they bounded along, seeming endlessly, with just a touch on the helm and with a bone in her teeth. Did she feel cared about and given to or did she feel she was being used as little more than a semi neglected statement of affluence, once again a little like some wives.

As the years have gone by I tend more to see their, the boats, that is, faults instead of their beauty and promise. What needs fixing, what would be a pot-line catcher, has the varnish now gone just too far? Without exaggeration I once saw, on an about 35' cruising sailboat, its port side upper shroud chain plate sawn, presumably with a hacksaw, over two-thirds of the way across. It looked as if it had been that way for years, not recent. It made me wonder about over-design. I could conjure up no way, except vandalism, how this could have happened. Did the owner know about this? Did he care? He wasn't there so I couldn't ask.

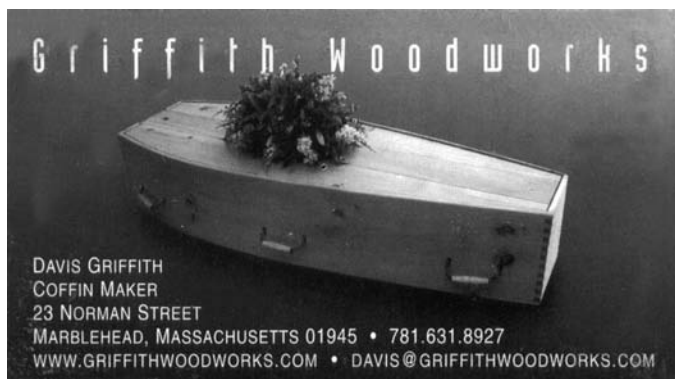
Boat yard visits usually leave me feeling better and the reasons are many and various. When I was young, say in my 20s, any boat in any condition if it had come my way for very little would have been received as manna from heaven. Any of the boats in the yard I have just left would have been beyond reach but gratefully received. Not so now. I have served my time. I can balance potential necessary refurbishing against potential joy. So one of my mood elevating pleasures as I

leave a yard is that nothing I saw brought on a near overwhelming need to make an offer on any one of them.

This isn't quite true, of course. There are occasional moments, especially mid winter, when I get my head turned, just as with women. In most boat yards, of whatever persuasion, in some remote corner amid the shrubbery, there are some sad depleted basket cases. Some of the old wooden sailboats would have been true beauties in their day. They are now beyond redemption. What will be their final destiny? A pyre? A chain saw and the dump?

In pondering this I was transported to the poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes entitled "The One Hoss Shay." In this poem, set in 1745, a highly skilled and knowledgeable New England coachwright, sort of a wheeled Yankee Robb White if that isn't an oxymoron, builds a one horse shay in which every part is just as strong and durable as every other part. The shay, therefore, never breaks down but eventually, on 100 years to the day, just wears out. One Sunday then, in 1845, as the parson is on his way to church, the shay gives a momentary shudder and instantly degenerates into a pile of dust.

Suppose, for a second, that boats could be made of parts and materials having similar qualities which perhaps, say, lasted 50 years. Something well within Robb's capability. On that fateful morning while in her slip, on her mooring, or at anchor, she would give a slight tremble, a tremble that produces a pattern of small gentle radiating ripples. In the next moment there would be a faint, melodic "whoooooosh." Then there would be nothing but, for a few moments, a fine otherworldly iridescent sheen on the water. If the skipper were alone onboard and of a suitable age perhaps they might go together.



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## International

Scene of this column's news leader was the Antarctic, where Japanese whalers have been killing "for science" about a thousand minke whales plus a small number of larger whales, all allowable due to a loophole in the international ban on commercial whaling. Three vessels belonging to Greenpeace and Sea Shepherd Conservation Society were trying to stop or shame the Japanese effort and the result was a conflict very reminiscent of the two Cod Wars between Iceland and the U.K. when Icelandic fisheries patrol boats and Royal Navy frigates were bumping and banging. The frigates proved to be too damage-prone and tougher deep sea tugs were hired as substitutes.

Greenpeace volunteers roller-painted several "whale meat" markings on the flanks of the Japanese tanker *Oriental Bluebird*. Soon after, the Shepherds' *Farley Mowat* sideswiped the *Bluebird*, but a special "can opener" rigged at the stem of the *Mowat* failed to rip open the tanker's side. A spokesman for the Shepherds, which has sunk nine whalers in port, later said they would never try to sink a whaling vessel at sea because it would be "far too dangerous."

Meanwhile, volunteers from Greenpeace's *Arctic Sunrise* were roller-painting the same slogan on the *Nisshin Maru*, which was alongside a supply vessel when it started up and made a near-360 turn. The *Arctic Sunrise* could not avoid a two-hit collision that left the *Sunrise* with a badly damaged bow and a tottering mast. Both sides had video that "proved" the other party was guilty.

In New Zealand, the nearest nation, the leader of that country's Green Party said that Japan planned to send armed police or troops to protect its whaling fleet and she demanded that the government send a frigate to the Antarctic to keep the peace and "for the safety of our citizens on the protest ships. Never mind that all whaling takes place in international waters and what Japan was doing was legal, even though reprehensible to many. The Green Party leader reminded the duty minister that New Zealand had sent a frigate to protest French nuclear tests at Mururoa in 1973. However, New Zealand frigates will probably not appear in Antarctic waters in the near future.

In Durban, seven stowaways from Tanzania were discovered on the docked *African Kalahari* and some crewmen threw them off on the side opposite to the quay. Two disappeared under the ship and probably drowned. Police collected the five survivors, all malnourished and possibly weak from hunger.

A routine inspection of a Russian fishing vessel revealed 25 exhausted, starved Ukrainians locked in the hold along with poached crabs. The men had been forced to work at gunpoint.

The European Space Agency launched the first of its GALILEO satellites that will provide GPS-like radio navigation services but, unlike GPS, GALILEO will be controlled by civilians, not a government.

## Hard Knocks and Thin Places

The LPG carriers *Sigmagas* and *Happy Bride* collided in the French port of Donges, dumping some 60 tonnes of fuel oil into the harbor, but there was no "boom."

The small Chinese freighter *Susuqian No. 498*, loaded with 260 tons of sulfuric acid, sank in the Yantsze after running onto a reef.

# Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

The New Zealand fishing boat *Mi Jay* went missing and 12 days later the bodies of two of its crew of three were found in a life-raft off the Kaikoura coast.

A boat carrying Africans trying to reach the Canary Islands capsized. Four died, 26 are missing, and 14 were saved.

A Kiwi and an Ozzie were plucked by fishermen from a raft off Vietnam 11 days after their yacht sank. They said they had no food and drank their own urine and rainwater and huddled "like babies" to keep warm.

A U.S. Navy sailor fell off the carrier *USS Theodore Roosevelt* in the Persian Gulf but was rescued within the hour.

The tanker *Tambor* caught fire off Bataan in the Philippines and six crewmen were missing.

Eight sailors were rescued by the container ship *Sima Pride* after the *Ocean Star* sank while en route to Thailand to pick up frozen seafood.

A pipe-laying barge under tow by two tugs in the North Sea broke loose and 150 nonessential workers were removed by 12 helicopters.

Containers carrying 100 tons of explosives for roadbuilding in Afghanistan fell off the Russian ship *Egonia* into the sea at or near Mumbai (it was once Bombay) in India.

The elderly car carrier *Anna* with 1,800 cars onboard suffered engine problems and nearly drifted ashore on the coast of Japan but tugs arrived in time.

Near Antwerp, the cargo ship *Aleksandrov* collided with the cargo ship *Nina I* and one man fell overboard. He was rescued and hospitalized. The *Nina I*, heavily damaged in the engine room area, was grounded on a sandbank for temporary patching.

The Slovak pusher tug *Polana* sank near the port of Russe after an engine room fire while sailing upstream on the Danube. Its grain-loaded barges were unharmed.

The Norwegian chemical tanker *Sydstraum* grounded near Gdynia, Poland. It got itself off but was holed.

In the Red Sea, the German container ship *MOL Renaissance* had a fire in one or more containers but the damage was "minor."

On the Elbe, the coastal freighter *Maritime Lady* and the container feedership *Arctic Ocean* collided near the entrance to the Kiel Canal. Shortly after several warnings about the two damaged ships were broadcast, the liquid fertilizer tanker *Sunny Blossom* was pushed by strong currents into the battered *Maritime Lady* and it too was damaged. Hamburg shipping police launched criminal proceedings against all three vessels.

The large container ship *APL Panama* ran up on the beach at Ensanada, Mexico, and six tugs failed to remove it.

The large container ship *CP Valour* similarly ran aground but in the Azores and will be scrapped.

The French trawler *Kleine Familie* disappeared off Alderney in the Channel Islands with all hands and the owners of the chemical tanker *Sichem Pandora* admitted that their vessel was involved.

The Japanese fishing vessel *Sinsei Maru No. 3* overturned and five died, two were missing, and one was saved. A crack in

the hull suggested the vessel may have collided with another vessel before capsizing.

The cargo ship *Diana*, with scrap metal in its holds and a deck load of lumber, sent out distress calls in the Sea of Japan after the lumber shifted in bad weather. Vessels stood by but the ship managed to reduce the list and proceeded toward Nakhodka.

The Washington State ferry *Wenatchee* and the containership *Knud Maersk* played tag in Puget Sound but no one got tagged, thanks to a last-minute emergency backdown by the naughty ferry.

## Gray Fleets

The British government has changed its sovereignty rules to allow hulls of Royal Navy warships to be built abroad.

The commander of the British nuclear-powered attack submarine *HMS Talent* was accused of "bullying" his crew on a secret mission. No physical abuse was involved but officers testified that he got within 2" of their faces and ranted for up to 20 minutes. Some even cried. He will be court martialed and the trial may be held in camera in part because of the mission's secrecy and location. But he wasn't the only member of that sub's crew that got in trouble, a Chief Petty Officer arrived for duty on Christmas Day "stinking of drink." Incidentally, in 2004 the commanding officer of the frigate *HMS Somerset* was similarly relieved after claims he verbally bullied two crew members.

The Sri Lankan Navy needs some 30mm Bushmaster guns for its Fast Attack Craft. The Navy Commander wants to buy 15 Mk 44 guns plus installation and logistics/support from Israel at \$12.37 million while other senior Navy officers want to buy them from the American maker for \$4.43 million for 15 Mk 44 guns plus training in the U.S., special tools, "hardware," and manuals. The Navy Commander's rationale here was that they had always bought from the Israelis and a purchase from the U.S. maker would hinder the procurement of spare parts.

Pakistan has long borders that need patrolling and so it recently added five off-shore patrol vessels, two tugs, and two PPM Boats to the Pakistani Navy. About the same time it decommissioned four of its obsolete French-built Daphne class submarines. They have been in service for 35 years, including participation in the 1971 war when the *PNS Hangor* sank the Indian frigate *INS Khukfi* with torpedoes. This was the only sinking of a warship by a conventional submarine in the 50-year period from 1950 to 2000.

The Canadian Navy wants to protect its bases at Halifax and at Esquimalt on the west coast so it asked for tenders for a 1.5-kilometer long, two-meter high barrier at Halifax that will keep out objects such as explosive-laden speedboats.

## White Fleets

Two longshoremen, one a woman, were injured when a mooring line from the cruise ship *Monarch of the Seas* snapped at San Diego.

Ships now can be sunk before they are even built. In Germany, the ro-ro *Tor Diana* steamed between the tug *Emstug* and the barge *Emsponton 7*, which was carrying sections of the new building cruise ship *Norwegian Pearl*. The towline snapped and then the ro-ro and barge collided and a section of the cruise ship's bow toppled from the barge into 20m of outer Elbe River water.



The mysterious disappearance from the *Brilliance of the Sea* of a Connecticut man on his honeymoon in the Mediterranean and other disappearances of other cruise passengers plus reports of various crimes on board cruise ships triggered two Congressional investigations into how cruise companies report and handle such crimes.

### They That Go Back and Forth

The 91m Incat wave-piercing ferry that holds the records for the fastest transAtlantic crossing and the greatest distance traveled in 24 hours (1,018.5nm) has a new owner and a new route. The *Master Cat* will travel between Norway's Kristiansand and Helsingør in Denmark.

The City of Rochester, New York, gave up on its one-season attempt to operate the high-speed car/pax ferry *Spirit of Lake Ontario* across Lake Ontario to Toronto. The original owners of the vessel had failed after a few months of operation, and the city failed because of patchy marketing and the fact that the trip was only slightly shorter than the long drive around the end of the lake because of the long time needed to clear customs before each voyage.

In Sydney, the luxury yacht *Ocean Dreaming* was hired as a substitute ferry on the Manly run but didn't work out due to its size and problems of the elderly and disabled in getting down steep companionways to the heads below.

In Europe, both the German/Danish governments-owned Scandlines and private operator owned Silja, two of the biggest ferry operators on the Baltic, are looking for buyers.

In New York, the former pilot of the Staten Island ferry *Andrew J. Barberi*, who ran the vessel into a pier when he dozed off due to overwork and painkilling pills for a bad back, was sentenced to 18 months in jail. His immediate superior, the former ferry director, will spend a year and a day behind bars for ultimate responsibility for the crash that killed 11 in 2003. Both sentences were unexpectedly light.

### Metal-Bashing

Japanese companies and the U.S. are working on developing new materials for building ships. Possible (but seemingly improbable) candidates to replace steel are carbon fiber (10 times stronger and 80% lighter) and stainless steel.

### Legalities

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency fined Tri Marine International \$5,000 for sinking a tuna skiff without a permit and within 12 miles of the shores of Pago Pago Harbor in American Samoa.

Australia fined the German owner of the *APL Pioneer* \$776,000 and the master a smaller sum for repeatedly allowing discharges of oily ballast water into Bass Strait in 2003. Other reports said the offense was caused by leaking oil tanks. In any case, seven or eight miles of shore were oiled and birds, including penguins, were affected.

Back in the U.S., the chief engineer of the *Magellan Phoenix* received a sentence of a year and a day in jail for acts involved in the discharge of oily sludge and oil contaminated bilge water.

A judge ordered the Washington State Ferries to pay out \$7-8 million to about 300 staff for uncompensated "staff transition time" at the beginning of their shifts, you know, those few minutes before going on or

off shift when you trade news with your opposite number on what's going on.

A U.S. Coast Guard report blamed the master of the chemical tanker *Bow Mariner* for the explosions and fire off the U.S. East Coast that killed 21 crew members and blew the vessel open in 2004. He and the chief mate violated safety rules by opening 22 tanks without properly freeing them of explosive gas and, after the explosions and fire, he abandoned ship without sending out distress signals or conducting a crew muster. He was not among the six rescued.

PORTS (Physical Oceanographic Real-Time Systems), a NOAA system in use at 13 U.S. ports, provides oceanographic data tailored to each port. The Tampa Bay economy received more than \$7 million in benefits last year from its PORTS system because of "avoided costs" from 50% less groundings, ships can be loaded deeper because heights of tides are known with precision, and recreational boaters tend to go out more often and then the fishermen among them catch more fish.

### Nature

The Gulf of Mexico is studded with hundreds of platforms used, or once used, for oil and gas production. As a result of widespread hurricane damage, requests have quadrupled for permission to transform platforms into fish habitats. Several platforms were knocked below the water's surface by recent hurricanes and at least two vessels have run into them. One, a large oil barge, capsized and sank, dumping thousands of barrels of heavy fuel oil. Such oil sinks and much of it may be recovered from the sea bottom.

South African Navy divers have been going after poachers of perlemoen (the shellfish abalone, or called paua in New Zealand) and Navy divers hauled in 120 poachers in one day.

Chevron Shipping, operator of tankers bringing Alaskan oil to the States, surprised many when it refused to participate as usual in a State of Washington oil spill response exercise because this time it had concerns about safety in a known navigational danger area and the state hadn't released a broad overview of what was expected of Chevron. The state said it would "test" Chevron again within the next 30 days.

A study reported that using domestic forms of transport (lakers, barges, and rail) to carry the cargoes that deep sea ships bring into the Great Lakes would prevent the introduction of more aquatic nuisance species and would cost shippers only \$55 million extra. The study estimated that the cost of fighting invasive species already here is \$200-500 million a year.

### Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

A Sri Lankan Israeli-built Dvora class gunboat was rammed by a woman-driven, explosives-packed fishing boat and only two of the warship's crew of 17 survived by jumping overboard before the FV hit. The attack was believed to be part of a renewed terror campaign by the minority Tamils against the majority Sinhalese, a campaign that has claimed 60,000 lives since 1972 although a truce was called in 2002.

East African piracy has spread from Somalia with two incidents last month off Tanzanian and one off Kenya.

### Odd Bits

A vital part of the US antiballistic missile defense system will be the Sea-Based X-Band Radar. The world's largest X-band phased-array radar, inside a giant ball enclosure, will roam the Pacific atop a secondhand vessel, an ex-Russian semi-submersible drilling rig.

Some years back, Captain William Bligh had labor problems on *HMS Bounty* and the help kicked him off his ship. A descendant, Captain Stephen Bligh, was head of the U.K.'s Maritime and Coast Guard Agency until he suggested streamlining that would have laid off more than 200 of MCA's 1,100 employees. Their no-confidence vote forced him to walk the plank.

Bad weather last November forced the 60 U.S.-flagged vessels trading on the Great Lakes to spend more than 5,000 hours idling and so carriage of dry-bulk cargoes was off 11% from the five-year average for the month.

Container ships that slow down within 20 miles of Long Beach, California, will be rewarded with lower harbor fees. Longshoreman labor is now assigned when a ship reaches the 20-mile limit and there is no longer any need to race into port.

The Mideast has an insatiable desire for meat on the hoof so Siba Ships is having two new animal carriers built that are great improvements on previous ships of this type. Each will carry 30,000 sheep or 6,500 cattle on seven decks, four enclosed and three open. Fodder will be distributed automatically as will fresh water, 350 tonnes of which are made on board each day. Particular attention has been paid to ventilation with 80 changes per hour in the enclosed decks. For the first time in this industry each ship will have two independent engine rooms so loss of one engine will not disable the ship and its automated processes. About half of the crew of 32 will take care of the animals.

U.S. icebreakers are aging and there is a question whether there will be enough of them to service research missions in the Antarctic. Hiring of a Russian icebreaker may again be necessary. And the brand new \$90 million Great Lakes icebreaker *USCGC Mackinaw* caromed off a seawall while entering Grand Haven, Michigan, and its bow was dented. Her skipper, specially trained for several years for this command, was relieved, although someone else had made the wrong move while steering.

The Chinese have found an 83m merchant ship named *Nanhai No 1* from the second period of the Song Dynasty (1127-1279) that is full of treasures, mostly exotic porcelain. They plan to lift the 800-year-old ship in a giant steel cradle or basket and then deposit it in a giant tank in a \$11-million "crystal palace" museum so spectators can see it. A special salvage ship is under construction.

### HeadShaker

The scrap-loaded coaster *Dreamer 1* (savor that name!) meandered all over the traffic separation lanes in the English Channel, making drastic changes of course and even looping a 360 once. As a result of its erratic course, the emergency towing vessel *Anglican Monarch* and a French Coast Guard helicopter were sent out. After arrival at Plymouth, the *Dreamer 1*'s master said there had been a steering gear failure and it was "safer" to continue on at 4-7 knots rather than stop in the busy Channel. A court disagreed and he paid £3,500 in fines and costs.



The village of Skaneateles, New York, has had a long and distinguished history of boatbuilding. The boats built here represented some of the best crafted and finest designs known at the time. This local history of boatbuilding can be traced back to pre-Columbian times when the Native Americans crafted their boats on the shores of Skaneateles Lake.

In 1794, Abraham Cuddeback built a raft near the outlet of the lake to transport his family and their belongings to the west side of the lake. In 1812 Col. Vredenburg started the construction of *The Four Sisters*, named after his daughters. Vredenburg never saw the boat completed due to his death. *The Four Sisters* was about 40' to 42' long and sloop rigged.

Some 30-plus years later records show that Charles F. Hall was building boats in Skaneateles. The exact location of the Hall factory is not known. It is known that Mr. Hall built quality boats for many of the residents of Skaneateles, probably the most notable would be the *Laura*, built for H.L. Roosevelt in 1856. The *Laura* was designed by George Steers, the designer of the *America*, which won the America's Cup.

According to the *Skaneateles Free Press*, Nelson S. Bowdish, along with his wife and son, came to Skaneateles in 1876 from Cooperstown, New York. At this time, Bowdish was an artist and practiced his trade for some years. Some time between 1876 and the early 1880s Mr. Bowdish and Mr. Hall met. On June 19, 1886, the *Skaneateles Free Press* ran an advertisement for the Bowdish & Son Company, "designer and builder of steam launches and fine rowboats, canoes, and fittings. Send for a catalog." It is at this time that Hall, Nelson Bowdish, and his son Edward Bowdish, formed the Bowdish & Son Company. Just exactly what role Hall played in this company is not known.

In an article in the *Skaneateles Free Press* dated February 7, 1887, it was reported that the Bowdish & Son Company was building boats in the second and third floor of the Kelly Block (the site of the Trabold garage, now the Spaghetti Factory).

In the August 22, 1888, issue of the *Skaneateles Free Press* it was reported that Bowdish & Son Company reorganized. It became a stock company and changed its name to Bowdish Manufacturing Company with some \$50,000 in capital. The officers were Lucian Moses, President, Fred Shear, Vice President, Edward Bowdish, Secretary, and Lewis Fitch, Treasurer. At this time the company planned to make castings, steam engines, and boats.

Under the guidance of the Board of Directors the company expanded its facilities, building a large structure about 115'x30' having two stories. The *Skaneateles Free Press* reported on January 12, 1889, that Edward Dent and Charles Platt had agreed to build the wood frame building on the Brady lot near the intersection of Railroad St. (Fennel) and West Elizabeth St. The plant was to be completed by April 1, 1889. The plant had electric lights and steam heat. One account reports a work force of about 35 hands and a payroll of \$400 per week. The product line ranged in cost from \$35 to hundreds of dollars depending on the size of the boat or steam plant being built.

By 1890 things were changing within the company under the direction of the Board of Directors (George Barrow, President, and E.E.

## The History of the Skaneateles Boat Companies

By John A. Barnes

Hall, Secretary/Treasurer). One report stated that the Board of Directors was trying to expand as much as they could during the good times. In 1891 Edward Bowdish stated in a canoe enthusiast publication that he had severed all relationships with the Bowdish Manufacturing Company. Rumor has it that he went to work for the Otis Elevator Company as a painter of murals inside elevators.

On August 11, 1893, the *Skaneateles Free Press* reported that several thousand dollars worth of real estate, lumber, tools, etc. were to be sold at a sheriff's sale to satisfy the claim of the Bank of Skaneateles. The same paper reported the following week that the sale did not happen and that arrangements had been worked out with the bank. This was short lived. On May 25, 1894, the *Skaneateles Free Press* reported sale of the Bowdish Manufacturing Company assets, which brought only \$7,500 to pay off loans and investments of \$55,000-\$60,000 by the Bank of Skaneateles. N.O. Shepard was referred to as the present owner and it was surmised that he would continue building boats.

On February 17, 1897, the *Skaneateles Democrat* reported that four handsome rowboats and a 21' steam launch had been delivered to O.G. Jones of Syracuse, indicating that the Company was still in business.

On Friday, January 27, 1899, the *Skaneateles Free Press* reported that a fire destroyed the Bowdish Manufacturing Company and the adjoining home. The loss was about \$6,000 and they had little insurance.

The history of boatbuilding in Skaneateles becomes clouded at this time. According to the *Skaneateles Free Press*, on May 21, 1887, the Packwood Showroom building was moved across the street and placed behind the old Post Office and old Bridge Market buildings on Genesee St. According to notes sent to me by Helen Ionta in 1980, George Smith and James Ruth were building boats in this building as early as 1892 under the name of Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Company. If this date is correct, it would mean that Bowdish and the Skaneateles boat companies were in existence at the same time. The Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Company remained at this location until 1902, when it moved to Jordan St. where the present Skaneateles Mall and Key Bank are located today.

One can only speculate at this point. By 1892 the handwriting must have been on the wall for Bowdish. Smith and Ruth, being boatbuilders, may well have grasped the opportunity to start their own company. If this is, in fact, true, this would explain why the designs of the Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Company and the Bowdish Manufacturing Company are similar.

The Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Company specialized in canoes, small rowing, sailing, and powered craft. This did not mean that they were not capable of much larger crafts. Some of the catalogs show craft in the 50' range. The catalogs show much the

same offerings until about 1929 when we notice some new additions, specifically the 19' Mower or knockabout sloop.

Sedgwick Smith reports in *Sailing on Skaneateles Lake* that H.J. Stagg owned a Mower. The 1932 catalog of the Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Company shows the International 14' dinghies, three styles. One can suggest that these changes were part of a struggle by the company to stay afloat during the Depression. In 1932 there was a change in ownership. Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Company was turned over to my father, John Barnes, his brother, George Barnes, Arthur Emmerick, and Wescott Barber. They changed the name of the company to Skaneateles Boats Incorporated. This was a stock company, selling the stock locally. They were located in the same place the Skaneateles Boat and Canoe had been located.

It is not clear as to the fate of the designs of the old company, but to the best of my knowledge the only boats that were produced from earlier catalogs were the International 14' dinghy and the 19' Mower. These two boats were built up to 1934 according to *Sailing on Skaneateles Lake*. It was about this time that cost factors forced a change in the product line. My father was looking for a replacement for the 19' Mower that would be a good family boat, responsive, cheap, and easily built. He undertook talks with the firm of Sparkman and Stevens, who would later design the Lightning.

The attempt to stay competitive in an economic depression led to several new products. By 1933 the boat company was building the Snipe and Comet classes. They may have also built some Stars. In 1938 they introduced the Lightning class, followed by the Rhodes Bantam and Penguin classes. In 1939 the boat company developed a new process of molding wood which they used in building the Hydrolite dinghy. The Hydrolite came in two sizes, 8' and 10', sail and row only.

During World War II, using this molding process, they made parts for planes and boats for the war effort. By now the company was under the leadership of George Barnes, my father John, for health reasons, having moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, in 1942. After the war the company went back to building pleasure boats. The Lightning was their standard bearer for many years to come.

In 1954 the company moved downstream to the site of the True Tile factory in Skaneateles Falls, where they continued building boats. It remained at this site until 1957 when it moved back to Skaneateles, behind the bakery. They remained in this location only a few years, then moved to the lake side of the outlet where they built a small building. By 1960 the company had moved again to where Roland's is today. In this location the company was primarily a sporting goods store.

During the 195-57 period the Boat Company built special order boats. I can remember two boats in particular, a Swift owned by the Miles family and a Rebel built for a customer in South America. After 1957 the company would take orders for boats and have them built elsewhere.

On March 10, 1961, George Barnes died. His wife, Catherine Barnes, maintained the Skaneateles Boats Incorporated name until about 1965. Parts for old boats could still be ordered from her. On May 25 1996, Catherine Barnes died.



### Credits

I especially thank Alzina Loveless and Helen Ionta whose research made my job very easy. I would also like to give credit Sedgwick Smith (1812-1934), for his book, *Sailing on Skaneateles Lake*, and thank the Skaneateles Historical Society for allowing me to go through their files. I also have a debt of gratitude to my parents, aunts, uncles, and cousins for sharing the history of the family with me. The tradition is and will be continued.

### About the Author

My father, John S. Barnes, and his brother George, were the last owners of the Skaneateles Boat Company in Skaneateles, New York. They came from a long line of people who loved messing about in boats. This tradition did not cease with them. I have sailed for as long as I can remember, my youngest daughter is currently a member of the Larchmont Yacht Club and sails on or in anything she can. My granddaughters all love to sail and mess about in anything on the water. My uncle on my mother's side was baptised on the first Sunday that came along without wind.)

### Bowdish Sailing Canoes

Nomad 18' x 48" x 18" x 1,000 lbs x 150lbs  
 Jabberwock 16' x 39" x 14-1/2" x 780lbs x 125lbs  
 Oakland 16' x 36" x 12-1/2" x 500lbs

### Cayuga Boats

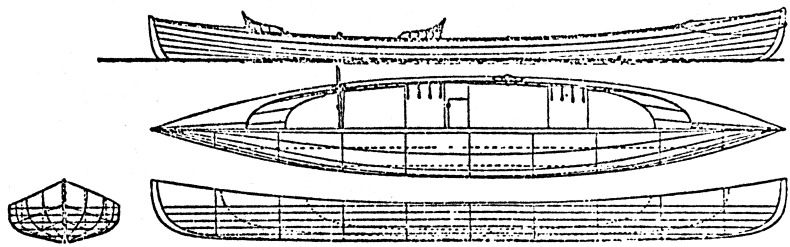
#1 17' x 39" x 14" x 850lbs x 115lbs  
 #2 15' x 39" x 14" x 750lbs x 100lbs

The Cayuga boats are similar to the skiffs used on the St Lawrence River, but are superior in construction, lighter, and of better models. These boats are built one grade only, according to the following specification: Stems of oak, bent; aprons of oak, bent; keel and keelson of oak; ribs of red elm; planking of white cedar; gunwales and coamings of oak, maple or ash; decks and seats of cherry, butternut or ash; floor boards of basswood; stem bands, painter ring and rowlocks of brass, polished or nickel plated; straight blade spruce oars, coppered, leathered and varnished; finish best oil and varnish throughout.

Unless otherwise specified in order, price includes two pair of rowlocks and one pair of oars for No. 2 and two pair for No. 1.

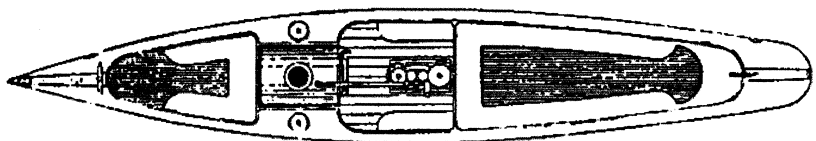
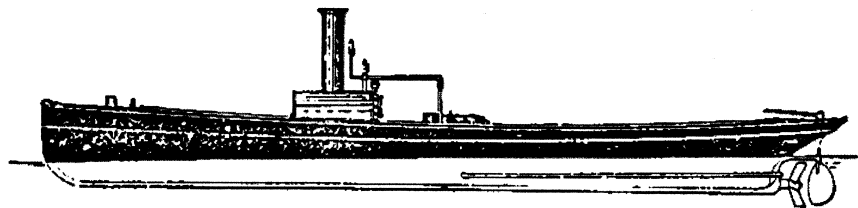
\*Approximate displacement at 8" draft.

\*\*Approximate weight without fittings.

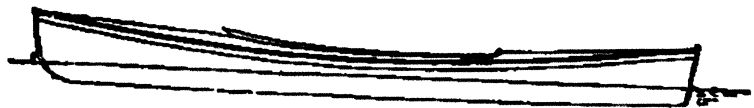


Bowdish St. Lawrence Skiff

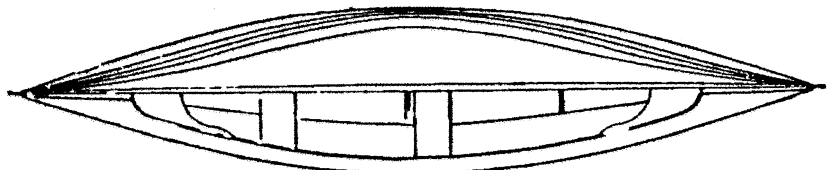
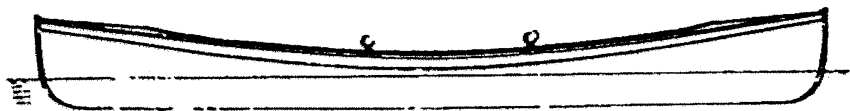
### BOWDISH STEAM LAUNCH



MOHICAN



Bowdish Sailing Canoes



CAYUGA BOAT.





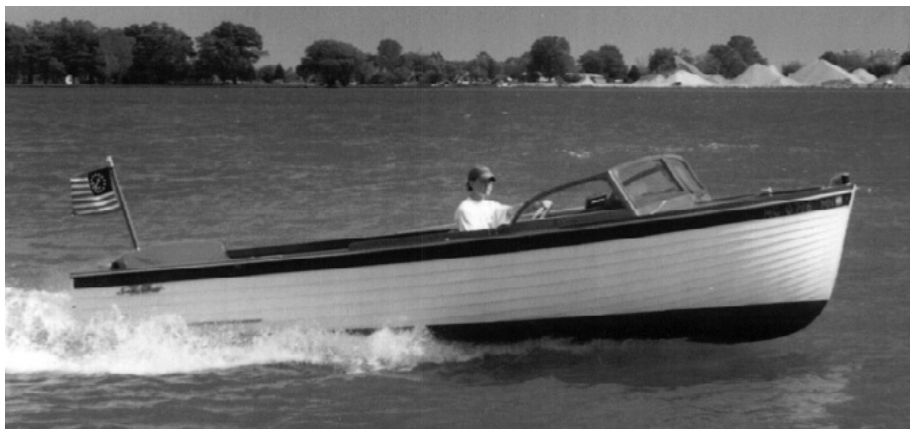
Classic looks, modern performance, seating for eight, and plywood/epoxy hull, the Perfect Boat.

When career developments brought me back to my boyhood hometown on the St. Clair River, 50 miles northeast of Detroit, Michigan, I began imagining the perfect boat for my use on these waters. The river is about a half-mile wide and 40 miles long with a strong, south-flowing current draining Lake Huron into Lake St. Clair. Prevailing summer southerly winds can kick up quite a steep chop blowing against the current and our close proximity to metropolitan Detroit results in a seemingly endless stream of 30'-40' power cruisers speeding north to the big lake on Saturday and back south on Sunday.

Our waterfront location makes it possible to get on the water with no more effort than walking out to the dock and hitting the "down" button on the electric hoist. As a result, we use the boat frequently for everything from a picnic idling down the river with friends to driving 10 or 20 miles to a dockside restaurant for dinner, with an occasional run to one of the many sandy islands in Lake St. Clair (also 20ish miles) for warm water swimming with six or eight extended family members aboard.

A non-functional but no less important requirement for me was classic good looks. We are just eight miles from Algonac, the birthplace of Chris Craft, and there are many restored examples of '50s runabouts on the water. My perfect boat had to be a looker with lots of varnished mahogany, one that I would want to keep glancing at over my shoulder as I walked away. Readers who have this affliction know exactly what I mean.

The first perfect boat.



## Building The Perfect Boat

By Dennis Wolfe  
Photos by Sue Wolfe

Size-wise the boat had to be able to squeeze through my 8'6" shop door and fit comfortably within the 11'x27' boathouse.

Our first perfect boat was a 22' Chris Craft sea skiff. This boat actually found me as a friend of a friend was moving away and wanted to find a good home for the boat he bought new in 1956. It was in great user boat shape having been in a boathouse all its life. We enjoyed her for three summers. The size and classic styling were right but she was too slow, too wet, and too noisy to be enjoyable for the longer trips. The motor box made a good serving table for the picnic trips and we found it also worked as a seat for the fourth person when the crew was comprised of my wife and I and one other couple.

The way we sat in the sea skiff, four people together rather than two in front and two in back, led me to think about the next perfect boat's interior layout. We wanted a conversational grouping for the seats so the driver and three passengers could talk comfortably while underway (at least at no wake speeds). Nearly every runabout design puts the driver and another person together up front and additional crew farther aft facing the driver's back or right behind the driver

but facing backwards. Not exactly how you would arrange your living room furniture to entertain friends.



Conversational seating plan.

I remembered a 25' Phil Bolger design in a *Nautical Quarterly* from Spring, 1983, that put the helm on a narrow half deck amidships with 6' seats forward along the sides. The driver got less protection from the windshield but four or even six people could talk together without imitating Linda Blair in *The Exorcist*. I was also reminded of 14' outboards from my youth where the helm was amidships to better position crew weight and give a smoother ride when pounding through swells.

The new boat design grew from the seats, one across at the back of the cockpit, one across amidships for the helm, and two four-footers along the sides forward. Adding an afterdeck to enclose a stern drive and pointy front completed the basic plan view with a length of about 24'. It needed at least a moderate deep V with a generous flair in the bow to keep down spray while maintaining good speed through the weekend waves. A tumblehome stern would reinforce the classic look. Outboard power was attractive for its ease of installation and space efficiency but would have spoiled the appearance. A conventional inboard put the engine right in the middle of the people, a V drive would solve that but neither would permit beaching. A stern drive was the best compromise.

It was clear that my really perfect boat didn't exist yet, I'd have to build it. My boat-building experience was limited to a kayak kit and a couple of glued lapstrake rowboats, so hull complexity was a concern. I felt confident tackling a plywood boat, either stitch & glue or conventional stringer/frame con-



## Building Notes Sidebar

By improvising and laminating with epoxy I was able to use local lumber yard wood for many of the components. All of the longitudinal members, including the stem were made from 1"x3" t&g fir flooring stock, sometimes with the tongues and grooves ripped off. The transom is three layers of 3/8" AC fir ply with a 1/4" solid mahogany exterior. I bought 32 sheets of 9mm meranti from Noah Marine in one load to minimize truck freight. Practically the whole boat came from this stack of plywood. Hull topsides are two layers and the bottom is three layers. Seats are one layer with mahogany 1"x2" framing. Decks are one layer with 1/4" solid mahogany bonded on with black epoxy. The cockpit sole is one layer with a 1/4" solid teak overlay. Ripping my own 1/4" stock from 8/4 mahogany and teak saved about 50% compared to buying it machined to its final dimensions. Based on many favorable comments on the WB builder's forum, I used Raka epoxy. It is more economical than WEST or MAS and cured reliably in my 50 to 60 degree shop.

The Mercruiser engine and out-drive package came with very detailed mechanical installation instructions but very little info on wiring it to the instruments. My dealer's mechanic was not familiar with the Smartcraft digital system but did put me in touch with a very helpful service technician at the factory. It still took several emails to clarify exactly what I needed to buy to connect the dashboard to the engine. There were more than a dozen Mercury part numbers required.

Many construction articles show step-by-step construction photos but details about cost and labor time, particularly for an amateur builder, are scarce. I kept a notebook hanging by the shop door and made a short note about what I accomplished during each shop session. I also kept all material receipts. Interestingly, the wood was a very minor cost of this wooden boat. The data are summarized in the table below.

struction, but diagonal or strip plank cold molded construction seemed too daunting to consider. Unfortunately, I couldn't find a design with the desired topsides shape and plywood construction until the May/June 1999 *WoodenBoat* arrived. Doug Hylan's article about personal computers enabling more complex plywood hull shapes and leading to his Pretty Marsh 21 design was my solution. A good-looking 21' plywood run-about with flare, tumblehome, and a 13 degree V hull with a stern drive, everything my design brief required. Santa delivered the plans for Christmas 1999.

Of course, it wasn't exactly perfect. It needed to be stretched to 25' to get my seating layout and room for the V-8 engine I wanted for its inherent smoothness and greater power. I increased the station spacing proportionally to get the 23.5' and then continued the lines aft another 1.5' to add extra buoyancy to compensate for the 400lb weight penalty of the V-8. Three inches of increased sheer height was needed aft to get a flush deck over the V-8. Both of these changes increased the tumblehome effect at the transom. Leaving the height at the stem unchanged flattened the sheer line, also a good thing in my opinion. Other than the sheer and an extra station aft, the designer's body plan and basic construction method was followed.

This would be a major project, both in time and money, so I built a 1/8 scale model to be sure I really liked the design, that 1/8" plywood would bend fairly easily, and my 9" tall cardboard people were comfortable. This was completed in March of '00 and construction started on the full scale boat in October '00.

Working three or four evenings each week and another eight to 12 hours on most weekends, I got the frames, bulkheads, temporary molds, stringers, stem, and transom fabricated by March '01 and began setting up

the backbone. The hull was complete and turnover accomplished 15 months into the project in late December '01.

By May '02 much of the interior was complete and the boat was sitting on its new aluminum trailer. Pulling it out of doors for the first time was a memorable experience as I could finally step back and appreciate the sweet lines from a proper distance. Her first road trip was in late May to a friend's who had an engine hoist. Despite all the planning it took a full afternoon of trial fitting before we got the motor lined up with the outdrive transom plate.

By June the boat was almost done and the water beckoned. Evening building sessions stretched to midnight, and weekends were totally "gotta get the boat done" intense. Saturday, June 29, was sunny and hot. By late afternoon we said, "Lets go for a ride. We can finish it later." Pushing the boat off the trailer at the city ramp that afternoon was the most memorable point in the project. Seeing it float on its painted waterline verifying all those balance and buoyancy calculations was wonderful! Later on, engine hatches came in July, the seat cushions in August, and the windshield not until the following winter. Elapsed time from lofting to launching, about 1,000 shop hours spread over 21 months.

Performance has been all I hoped for. Top speed is 52mph with the 260hp Mercruiser/Bravo One engine and drive and it cruises comfortably at 3,800rpm and 40mph on calm water. It can handle all but the worst chop at 30mph thanks to four beefy fir stringers supporting a 1-1/8" thick plywood bottom. You can judge the classic looks for yourself

We have enjoyed the boat for three summers now and haven't thought of anything more perfect yet, that's the best compliment I can give her.



Top speed 52mph with one human captain and one canine crew.

### Cost

Wood	\$3,958
Epoxy	\$1,381
Shop Supplies	\$ 635
Hardware	\$1,792
Engine	\$9,800
Engine Rigging	\$1,506
Trailer	\$3,000
Seat Cushions	\$1,900

**Total** **\$23,972**

### Labor Hours

Lofting	36
Stem, Keel, Stringers	72
Transom, Bulkheads, Frames	79
Set Up Mold, Stringers, Keel	100
Planking	169
Fiberglass & Paint Hull	94
Deck, Interior	365
Engine, Rigging, Electrical	78

**Total** **993**



Sandy Hess, the son of Peter Hess, the owner of the Wooden Boat Workshop of Norwalk, Connecticut, could not have anticipated the amount of trouble he was going to cause his father when last fall he requested that he build him a wooden Optimist dinghy to campaign during the 2005 racing season.

On the face of it the request was quite reasonable. The Optimist dinghy was designed in 1947 by Clark Mills of Clearwater, Florida, for the local Optimist Club. It was intended to be the equivalent of a soapbox derby car, inexpensive, and easily built by amateurs ("a father and son in the garage") out of two sheets of plywood. It is about as small and basic as a sailboat can be, only 7'6-1/2" (2.3m) in length, with a 44-3/4" (1135mm) beam and a single sprit sail. However, as implausible as it may seem, this simple little boat has become one of the most popular and competitive one design classes in the world, numbering, according to the class association, at least 130,000 boats sailed in 110 countries by over 150,000 young people.

During this transition a number of things have transpired. First, in 1970 fiberglass hulls were permitted by the International Optimist Dinghy Association (IODA) with the result that by 1981 wooden boats were no longer present at all at the World Championships. This trend away from wooden hulls has continued at all levels in the class, to the extent that wooden boats are now very rare even at the club level. Thus, even though "stitch and glue" (now wood/epoxy) wooden construction was specifically approved by the class in 1981 and plans for both traditional wood and plywood/epoxy construction are offered for sale by the IODA, very little wooden construction appears to be taking place.

Another effect of the transition to fiberglass hulls, coupled with the boat's great popularity, was the proliferation of manufacturers, each with a hull mold that was slightly different. Naturally, some of these differences conferred, or at least were thought to confer, a competitive advantage, making some manufacturer's boats widely sought after and thus very expensive. It was this increasing expense, along with the fact that "one design" no longer truly meant one design, that led the IODA to undertake a major overhaul of its rules and procedures in the 1990s. The class specifications were first tightened substantially and then every effort was made to ensure that every manufacturer's hull mold met these specifications so that every fiberglass Opti hull would be as nearly identical as possible.

Although the reforms accomplished their intended purpose, and were clearly nec-

## In Search Of The Wooden Opti

By Dave Jackson

essary, they also had a major affect on the feasibility of constructing a wooden Optimist dinghy. On the one hand, it was clearly feasible for a manufacturer to lavish the necessary attention on a mold for a fiberglass hull. Once it had met the class specifications, that mold could be used to produce numerous hulls, all of which should easily qualify for class approval. On the other hand, each individual wooden hull has to be measured for acceptance, meeting some 60 separate dimensional requirements, very often to within plus or minus 5mm (i.e., to within approximately 3/16"). Not surprisingly, very few wooden Optis are attempted, and fewer still actually achieve class acceptance.

Enter the Hess family. Peter ordered a set of the wooden Optimist plans and almost immediately realized that constructing the hull would be more difficult than he had thought. Although the hull is basically a box shape (bottom board, two sides, and a bow and stem transom), the bottom board has substantial rocker and the boat is much larger in the middle than it is at either end. Furthermore, there is only a single frame in the center of the hull to achieve the required bends. As if this were not sufficient, the bow transom is substantially wider at the top than at the bottom so that the sides, in addition to their fore and aft bend, also need to be twisted at the bow transom. Finally, all this needs to be accomplished within 7-1/2'.

The ultimate solution for many of these problems, in the case of Hess Opti #1, was to build an elaborate female building form and screw the bottom board and two transoms to it. This held the required rocker in the bottom board and located the two ends in space so the sides could be subdued. It also proved necessary to fabricate and install several temporary forms to pull the hull into the required shape. Although this approach eventually proved successful (Hess Opti #1 was completed, passed inspection, and is being successfully campaigned by young Sandy), it really served to illustrate why there aren't more wooden Optis in the fleet.

It seemed to Peter that there had to be another way, and to this end he got together with Eric Schade of Shearwater Boats, who has extensive experience designing stitch and glue boats of various types. Eric, after studying the IODA design specifications, proceeded to design a stitch and glue version of the Opti which is as nearly as possible self-jigging and so much more amendable to amateur construction. All pieces of this version are pre-cut to final dimensions using a computer controlled router.

Eric and Peter had several hull kits cut to Eric's design to test the concept. One of the two kits (the one assembled in Peter's boat shop) was completed and submitted to an official IODA measurer where it met all class requirements. However, unfortunately, that was not the whole story. Although the hull by and large went together very quickly and easily, it took a fair amount of work and persuasion, some imaginative clamping, and some 150 pounds of weight deposited in the hull to get the bottom to take the required curve or rocker. It also proved desirable to

build a measuring gauge that enabled making trial measurements to ascertain how close the hull was to the required dimensions. Furthermore, although the hull was approved, some of the dimensions were right at the permitted limits.

The problem was further graphically illustrated by the first kit hull, which was put together and glued up at a boat show, before Peter and Eric realized just how stubborn the bottom was going to be. That hull did not meet the specifications for the required bottom curve and, since it has been glued up, can't be reworked to do so.

Obviously they weren't quite there yet. Thus, it was decided to rework the kit to make it easier for a neophyte to build. Dimensions that were near class limits were altered to give more margin for errors and the proper positions for all required hardware were pre-drilled on the panels. In addition, and perhaps most importantly, the bottom was redesigned to make it easier to bend. Instead of using a 12mm bottom and 3mm bilge stringers, the new kits used an alternate build-up permitted under the class rules, which consists of a 9mm bottom coupled with 6mm bilge stringers. This made the bottom easier to bend, as well as saving some weight. Most of the other parts were also redesigned so that they engaged positively with their neighbors, virtually ensuring they would end up in exactly the proper location.

Finally, a building fixture or form and a measuring gauge were designed and produced. Although the building form and measuring gauge are separate and optional (you can buy just the hull kit), Peter reports that the use of them greatly facilitates construction and goes a long way towards ensuring that a hull built over the form will meet class rules by holding each part in just the proper place.

Measurements he has made of kits so far built using the final redesigned kit and building form establish that they are right on the money as far as class requirements are concerned (he has not tried to build one of the redesigned kits without using the form). Furthermore, they are very light so that the final weight of the hull can be made to come out right at the required class minimum weight, through judicious use of the finishing process.

So (as my kids used to say), are we there yet? The answer, at this point, seems to be a cautious yes. The first batch of production hulls are still being completed so they, in fact, have not yet been measured by an official IODA class measurer, but Peter has measured them and they appear to satisfy every Optimist class requirement. Furthermore, it is too early to tell how well the wood hulls will sail, although the prototype, Hess #1, finished 10th on Long Island Sound during the 2005 season, with Sandy Hess at the helm, and wooden boats are very competitive in other classes.

Finally, all the hulls built thus far have been built under Peter's supervision. However, in the next several months there will be a building class at the nearby Maritime Museum and this summer there is an Opti building course scheduled at The WoodenBoat School in Brooklin, Maine. The final test, of course, will be to ship a kit out to an unsupervised neophyte builder, which should occur shortly.

As they say, stay tuned in to this station for further updates. Actually, go to woodenoptyshop.com or call Peter Hess at (203) 831-0426.

### SWANSON BOAT COMPANY

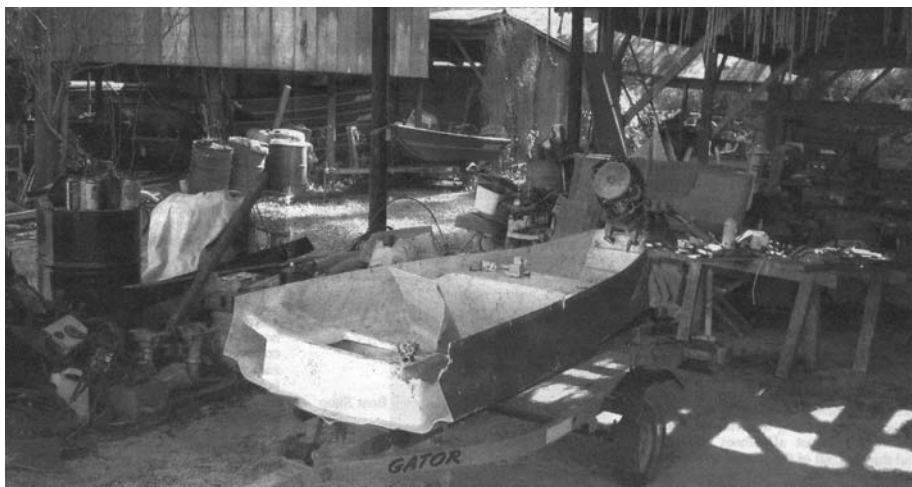
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## Photo Caption Contest



Results are in for the first round of Robb White's suggested contest captioning oddball photos. Several readers came through with an assortment of captions and the one chosen as the winner was from George Ellis of Rockville, Maryland: "The gator ate her!"

The rest displayed much creative thinking so we want to run them all by you for your entertainment.

Dale Niemann of Clearwater, Florida, submitted: "I see the Gator under but where is the one with my bow?"

Dave Wright submitted: "I dunno how many times I told Jethrow the second half payment on that damn boat was overdue!" And then further inspiration struck and he sent along a follow up: "Dang it! Maybe I had it coming, but, heck, Alabama ain't no community property state!"

Craig Lewis of Enfield, New Hampshire, submitted: "The Research and Development Department at Jackleg Boatworks recently unveiled their latest model, the Deep 6/12 Mark I. The new model is expected to take market share away from the venerable Boston Whaler, although the shop foreman was heard to mumble, "Maybe we should have cut it in half lengthwise."

Don Abrams submitted four captions: "That big rascal took one big bite and left his

calling card, lettered just as neatly as you please." "Robb White's Annual Half-Off Sale." "Ideal for the half-assed boater." "Take a bow acquires a whole new meaning."

Rick Langer also submitted four captions: "That motor is too big for that boat;" "She oughta fit in your garage now, Mr. White;" "I don't know, FEMA said it was serviceable;" "I only changed the design a little."

Bob Simmons of Sandpoint, Idaho, really went all out with five captions, here-with in his order: "Take apart skiff with design challenges;" "An idea is born, leading to a very glossy manufacturer's advertisement;" "We gotta get going on another shed;" "I thought the Zolotone would work better than that;" "That old mossyback was from a long line of giant alligators!"

The prize? To be announced, we have to think about something appropriate to the spirit of the contest.

Now that we see that someone will respond we'll get going with a photo in each issue so that once we get past the start-up delay we should have winners in every succeeding issue. So for our second act, take a look at this photo and go to work. Since this is the May 1 issue we'll take entries until May 30 to get them into the July 1 issue.



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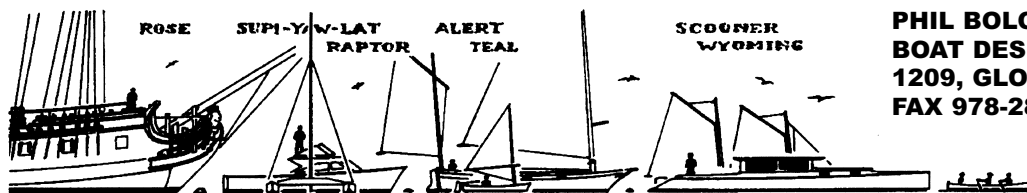
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The design number on this catboat indicates that she was designed over 50 years ago. She was supposed to be an improvement on a boat my brother built and gave to me when he went into the Navy in 1941. That boat, called Wee One, had nasty nose-diving habits that I addressed with the high and full chine line at the bow. Camping out in her in New England weather led to the addition of the cuddy. The older boat had a deep fixed blade rudder which precluded sailing in very shallow water; hence the shallower rudder protected by a skeg. With a much later insight she could have had a shallower rudder on a shallower skeg, with a horizontal end plate to restore the steering power lost in the vertical plane.

The sail plan was very little changed, except for lengthening the gaff to get more sail with the same length boom and gaff. The long overhanging boom still looks right to me for catboats. The older cat was fast, partly due to the sail area added low by the long boom. "Mouser" was wider and higher sided so she could carry some added sail area higher by way of the long gaff.

"Mouser" was commissioned by Milton H. Smith and built by E.H. Arthur of Gulfport, Mississippi. She must have been well-built as she was in use for many years. She was about 15 years old, still in quite good shape, when she was bought by Mike O'Brien, now Senior Editor of *WoodenBoat* magazine but who, at the time, had a boat shop in Virginia. He liked her and that was the start of a long association that continues to this day into our mutual old age.

The construction that served so well was conventional plank on sawn frames with

## Bolger on Design

### "Mouser" Cuddy-Cabin Catboat 16'0" x 6'6" x 1'3" Design #11-55-A

1/2" planking. The sawn frames were on 2' centers with an intermediate frame between to hold the seams and allow more plank fastenings. The overlap of the side frames with the bottom frames now looks inadequate, it may be that the builder substituted the plywood gussets that we'd now use, or he may have made the side frames broader, another way to handle such a connection. Or it may have held as drawn, with good timber and careful fastening some things that look weak will hold past expectations.

"Mouser" was supposed to be a trailer boat. Her dimensions and shape are good for that, as is the heavy keel, though the latter should have been given some projection to protect the garboard planking better than it does as drawn. The 16' mast has to be lifted out vertically, which was a two boy proposition we'd certainly correct now. But I don't see now how I, or the owner and builder, could think that the carvel planked construction was fit for trailer use. Even if it started out wet, a road trip of any length would dry it out enough to leak enthusiastically when relaunched.

She should have been glued strip planked on the bottom, the shape of which would not take plywood. The sides could, and should, have been plywood. The deck and trunk top were plywood so it wasn't a prejudice against the material that kept it from being used for the sides. The deck and trunk were supposed to be sheathed with "canvas or plastic," which may not have been thought proper for the hull. A mistake at any rate. It's likely that by "trailerable" we all meant that she could be readily transported by road from one place where she was kept on a mooring to a new base of operations where she would be given time to swell tight, and kept in the water there.

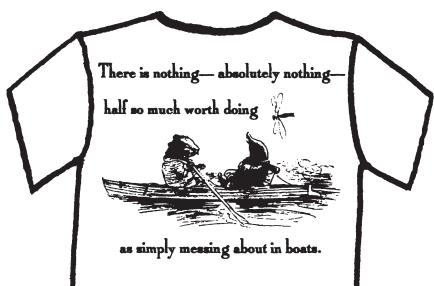
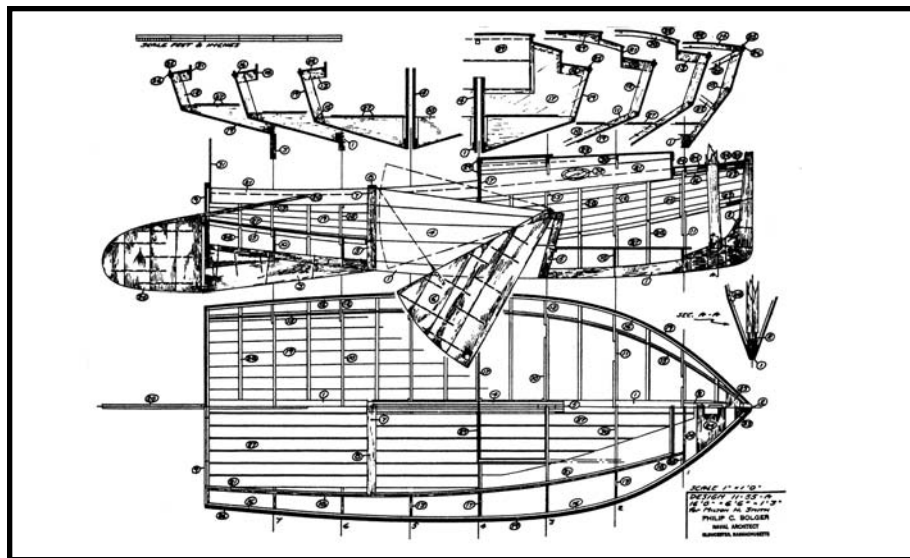
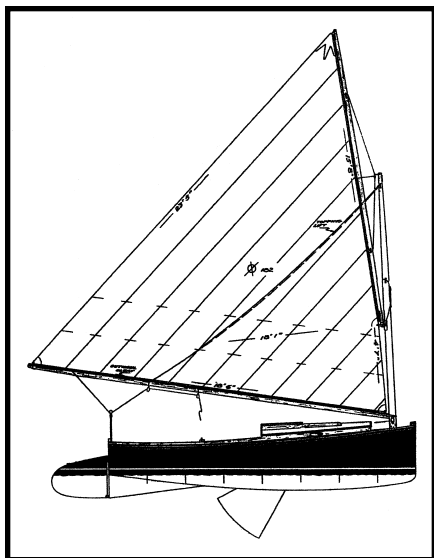
We've since designed some catboats with all-plywood construction such as "Beach Cat" (#589), discussed in *MAIB* in Vol. 18 No. 95 of July 15, 2000, with fiberglass sheathing to protect it. They're not quite as good a shape in the bow as this one since the plywood won't take as sharp a twist as this, but they don't seem to lose much by it.

The odd centerboard was due to the owner's specification that it be easy to lift it out of its trunk. It worked well enough, and the dangerous-looking low trunk never flooded her, but it's a bad feature we would not tolerate now.


Notwithstanding all the criticisms, "Mouser" was good sailing and handled choppy water capably. Not a design to be ashamed of that early in my design career.

If anyone wants these old plans they're available for \$100 to build one boat, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube.





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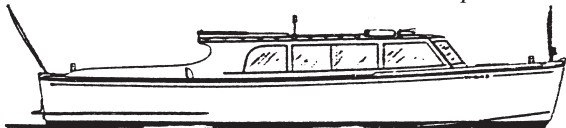


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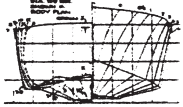
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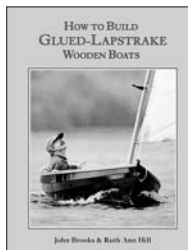
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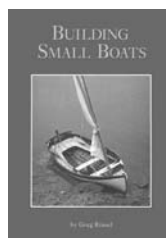
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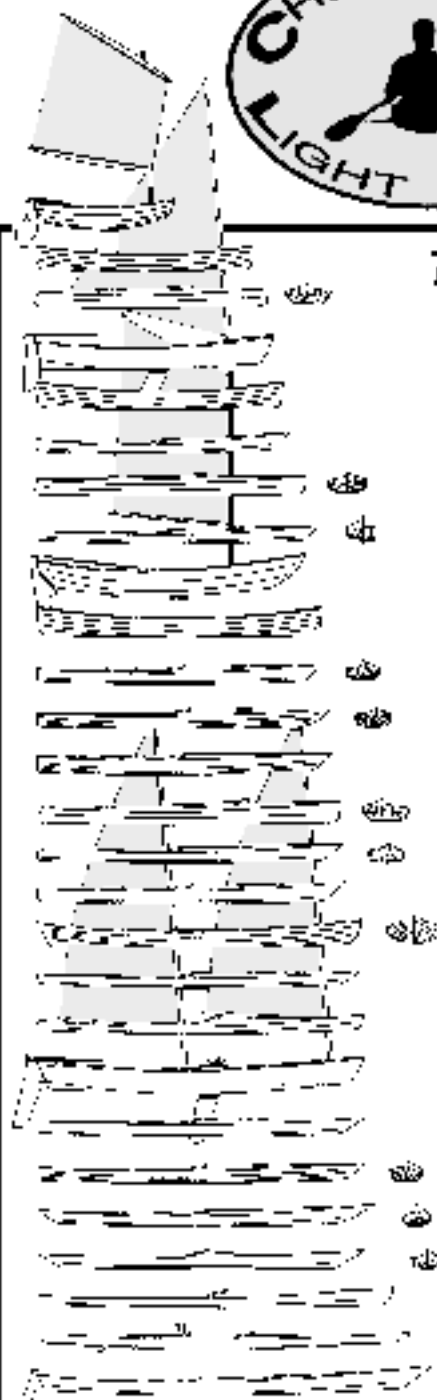
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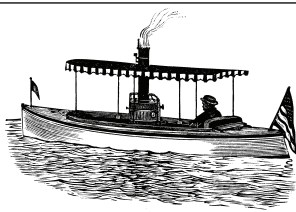
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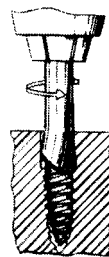


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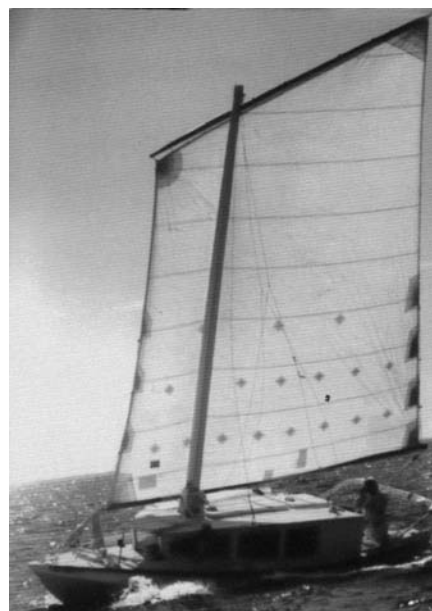


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**20' NimbleVagabond**, tropical mini-trawler, '91. 30hp Honda 4-stroke, 7' dbl berth, head, sink, dual batts, GPS, VHF, sounder, stereo, solar charger, handrails, trlr. All in exc cond. \$16,900.

TOM HIGGINS, Cedar Key, FL, (352) 543-5503. (1)

**Melonseed Goat**, 13'8"x4'10"x7'7"/2'6". Wt. 270lbs. Oars 7.5'. Sprit sail 80sf, jib 20sf. Galv trlr. See *MAIB* 8/1/02 & [www.smallboatforum.com](http://www.smallboatforum.com) for more info. Price \$5,200. Dinghy, 10'x3'10". Wt 75lbs. Oars 7'. Same construction as Goat. Price \$2,800.

F. PLOUFFE, Pittsfield, MA, (413) 445-4005, FPLOUFFE@nycap.rr.com (1)

**10' Power Dory/Tender**, vy dry, serviceable boat. Scaled down from Outboard Flat Iron on pg. 266 John Gardner's *Dory Book*. \$200. Will tow dry & true, 4hp ob will serve nicely.

KARL BERARDI, Bedford, NH, (603) 785-1536. (1)

**Monfort Classic 10 Dinghy**, w/oars & sail rig. 42 lbs. Vy gd cond. No leaks. Rows & sails well, a breeze to cartop. \$350.

KEVIN BRENNAN, Phoenix, MD, (410) 666-8958 eves. (1)

**11'-3" Shellback Dinghy**, brand new, lapstrake plywood; incl rudder, cb & spars; bright mahogany transom, bright finished open gunwales; nds only final painting & some hardware. \$2,400 obo. **'72 Tartan 26 Sailboat**, Hull #17; sleeps four, in gd shape, new shrouds, structurally sound. Could use some cosmetic work. Stands incl. \$6,000 obo.

MIKE KIRSCH, Beverly, MA, (978) 927-4305, mak24@verizon.net (1)

**Albin 25**, fg trawler w/hardtop & aft cabin. Nds motor. Seaworthy long distance cruiser on trlr in central east FL. \$7,000.

JOHN BARTLETT, Ft. Pierce, FL, (772) 979-4293 (1)

**16' Flat Bottomed Lapstrake Skiff**, 5-1/2' beam. 2pr oarlocks. Dual axle Peterson trlr nds tires. Last registered/afloat 2001. Did not leak. \$1,150 takes all. JODY REYNOLDS, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 655-2040. (1)

**'86 Sea Pearl Vodox Vextok**, in vy gd shape. Trlr just rebuilt incl new axle & tongue jack. New bunks installed last year. Sails are vertical batten from Super Sails, about 4 yrs old in exc shape. Heavy duty transom bolted-on motor mount (the type made from 1/2" welded aluminum). Onboard electrical system incl running lights, power cable for trolling motor, & auto bilge pump which converts to a ballast tank fill/drain through clever application of bypass valves; all proper with breakers & fuses. Spare removable gunnel motor mount, 2 spare tires for trailer, custom cover (constructed from blue poly, but it works), & a crude trailer dolly to throw into the mix. Photos & other details available.

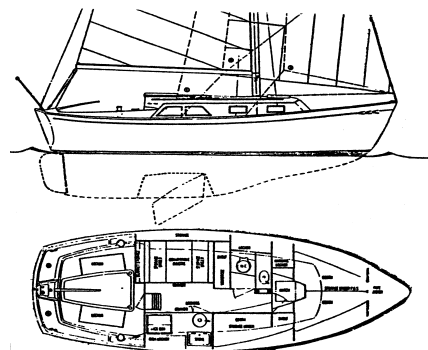
BRIAN SALZANO, E. Patchogue NY, (631) 225-2166, <b@tinybrain.org> (24)

**2 Old Canoes**, wood now fg covered. 15' & 18'. New decks, rails, seats & thwarts. Bronze fastened. West System™. \$750 ea.

TOM JAGGER, Springvale, ME, (207) 324-2893 (1)

**Klepper Master Folding Boat**, can be sailed, rowed or used w/motor. Standard high quality Klepper construction. Length 11', beam 4'. Stores in 3 bags. Vy gd condition, compl. \$2,000.

THOMAS BANASZAK, Downers Grove, IL, (630) 963-6207 (24)



**Attention Would-Be World Cruisers**, we have 2 Sparkman & Stevens designed and Chris Craft built 30' Capri Keel CB masthead sloops. Displ 11,740lbs, wl 25", beam 9'8", draft 3'9" board up, 7'2" board down. Hulls are bullet proof 5/8" at waterline, 25hp Graymarine engines. Both boats built in early '60s, gd sails. 1 close to useable, other needs extensive deck & cabin restoration or replacement. Price \$4,000 & \$6,000 obo respectively.

JIM RENOUF, Harrison Twp, MI, (586) 463-9057, (586) 360-5890 (cell) (24)



**'99 Melonseed**, 13'8", Roger Crawford Hull #195, cb, dark green, beige deck, off-white sail, beautiful, like new. \$6,500.

HANS SCHOLL, Guilford, CT, (203) 687-6415, <clclt17@comcast.net> (24)



**'87 14' Peep Hen Sailboat**, built by the Florida Bay Boat Co. Purchased 2 yrs ago for reasons that have nothing to do with this fine little vessel. I haven't used her. It's time to pass her on to someone who will use her the way she should be used. She will be a joy to own. Florida Bay Boat Co. did a beautiful job building their boats. They were the first & the best of the Peep Hen builders. This boat is no exception. Glasswork is superb, she is smooth & fair, inside & out, w/no problems. Even after all these years there are no stress or gel coat cracks. Dark blue hull is faded as is usual for dark colors & she has the usual scratches & bruises expected for a boat of this age & usefulness. The Peep Hen is truly a unique classic boat w/a cult following. She is a big 14' boat w/honest cruising & daysailing capabilities. She needs to be seen. When I purchased her I treated her to a new 5hp Honda 4-stroke motor w/FNR & a separate gas tank. Incl is trlr in vy gd cond w/new tires, bimini & full cockpit tent w/tanbark sail all in fair to gd cond. Also the usual equipment. Call for a more complete list. You can pick her up today & trailer her anywhere & go sailing as is. \$6,700.

TOM WUNDER, Wilmington, NC, (910) 793-2020 <Boatman197@yahoo.com> (24)





**18' Work Skiff**, w/35hp Evinrude electr start. Boat built '01, engine '01. Both in vy gd shape & well maintained. \$4,200.  
MIKE BRENNAN, Narragansett, RI, (401) 789-0980, mdbworkskiff@cox.net (24P)

**'28 Herreshoff 12-1/2**, orig wooden hull, #1065. Gaff-rigged. Incl custom 2002 Triad trlr. Located 35 miles north of Philadelphia. Own a true classic. \$23,000.  
STEVE NAGY, Pipersville, PA, (215) 766-3915, <nagys@comcast.net> (24)

**Alberg Sea Sprite 23'**, classic fg sloop. Vy gd shape. Sleeps 4. Newer genoa, cushions etc. '03 Nissan 6hp 4cycle, few hrs. Tandem trlr w/new axles & springs. \$6,300 for all, \$5,300 w/motor. Spring launch in Gloucester, MA paid.  
PETER GOODWIN, Gloucester, MA, (978) 525-3361, aubreei@hotmail.com (1)

**16' Inboard Launch**, '54 Dyer "Glamour Girl." FG w/never used re-manufactured 45hp Graymarine engine. Fast, dry & sea kindly. On custom trlr built to carry boat or Kubota type tractor. \$8,500.  
ALEC MCMULLIN, Manchester, MA, (978) 526-1082 (1)

**Wood Canvas Canoe**, 16' antique hull w/canvas removed. In vy gd cond, only 2 planks nd repair. Found in central ME 5 yrs ago. Has look of guide-boat, perhaps Rangeley. Vy restorable. Call or email for info or photos by email. Asking \$450.  
VI BEAUDREAU, E. Granby, CT, (860) 658-0869, vbeaudreau@hotmail.com (1)

## BOATS WANTED

**Dyer Dhow**, or like sailing dinghy, w/sailing rig, gd cond.  
ROB WIGSTEN, Charlestown, RI, (401) 364-8580, robwigsten@juno.com (1)

**Rowboat**, lightweight 8'-12', preferably 2 person craft.  
DEBORAH HARRIS, Great Barrington, MA, (413) 528-9027, musicmoves@hotmail.com (1)

## SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

**Sailing Rig**, for 14' Amesbury skiff, any suitable rig considered, but boat would look neat w/gaff or lug rig.  
CAL PERKINS, Mattapoisett, MA, (508) 758-4740 (24)

**Cpe Dory 14 Sail**, in any useable cond, w/or wo/spars.  
GREG DELONG, Portsmouth, RI, (401) 861-7052, <gddelo@yahoo.com> (24)

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**BOAT PLANS & KITS - WWW.GLEN.COM:** Customer photos, FREE how-to information, online catalog. Or send \$9.95 for 216-PAGE DESIGN BOOK, includes FREE Supplies catalog. Over 240 proven designs, 7'-55'. "How To Use Epoxy" manual \$2.00. GLEN-L, Box 1804MA44, 9152 Rose-crans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804, (562) 630-6258, www.Glen-L.com (TFP)

**3 Seagull OBs**, 2-40 Plus & 1 40 Minus dinghy motor all in gd working order. 40 Minus has less than 10 hrs since new. \$250ea or \$700 for all.  
BOB REIBEL, Croton-on-Hudson, NY, <bob-jane@bestweb.net> (24)



**New! The Poop Deck Crew T-Shirt**, profits from the sale of this T-Shirt support the SAFE HAVEN Project & Newfoundland Dog Rescue in the US & Canada. Show your support for these gentle giants when you wear your Poop Deck Shirt featuring a Newf Dog and his canine mates including a German Shepherd, Springer Spaniel, English Bulldog, Poodle, Golden Retriever--even a Chihuahua! 100% heavyweight US made blue cotton Tee. Large imprint on front. Sizes M-XL \$17, XXL \$19. S&H \$4.75 on all orders. Send MO or Check.

**NORS**, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, Tel (207) 442-7237 Email <norsman@care2.com>, Web www.norsgear.com (TFP)



**Antique Bendix Eclipse OB Motor**, ca '37. Model SM 1, Ser. #687452, 2-1/4hp. In great cond. \$750.  
JOE MITCHELL, Waterford, PA, (814) 476-7684, <jthomasm@velocity.net> (24)

**Beach Pea Molds**, Full set-up of molds, building frame, stem, knee & floor molds & full size plank-ing patterns. I built a vy sweet, fair Beach Pea w/these molds & you can too. Half the work is building these molds. The wood alone cost over \$100. Asking \$200. Located on Hudson River 60 miles north of NYC. I'd be willing to travel some, but if you pick them up you get to see the boat you're going to build.  
RICK LANGER, Putnam valley, NY, (845) 526-3180, <farreach@optonline.net> (24)

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**Misc. Gear:** Mushroom anchor, 75lbs, \$45. 4 boat stands, 30", \$100/ set. Furuno 1623 Radar turns on but does not work, \$45. Several electronic items, RDF, Radar Detector, VHF Radio. Large 12gal ob tank. Gimballled propane cook stove. \$25. Small coal/ wood stove. \$25. OB bracket for sailboat. \$25. Other things, as I stumble upon them.  
KARL BERARDI, Bedford, NH, (603) 785-1536. (1)

**Atlantic White Cedar**, 11 flitch cut planks, 9 @ 16', 2 @ 14', 6-13" wide, approx 1" thick. Stored indrs last 20 yrs. Free. Pickup only.  
TOM PARKER, Whitehall, MI, (231) 766-5020. (1)

**'99 8hp Honda**, great motor, but I've decided I want more power on my 14' boat. Bought from orig owner, who had used it as an auxiliary. I've had it 3seasons & haven't used it much because I'm really a sailor. Last year it had a new coil and water pump & a professional tuneup. I've been faithful about maintenance & have always winterized it exactly as the manual states. It starts & runs perfectly. I'd like to get \$1,000 & would consider some sort of trade involving an Evinrude/Johnson 20/25hp.

BILL BEARDSLEY, Marion, MA, (508) 748-0851, <bill.beardsley@lmco.com> (24)

## GEAR WANTED

**Trailer**, for O'Day Daysailer. Also runng gear/rig-ging for above.  
RICK WALTER, Maplewood, NJ, (908) 242-7665 (cell), r.walter@divsysinc (1)

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DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858 (TF)

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ROBB WHITE & SONS, Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799 (TFP)

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MICHAEL BURGOS, Fayette City, PA, (724) 326-4208 (24)



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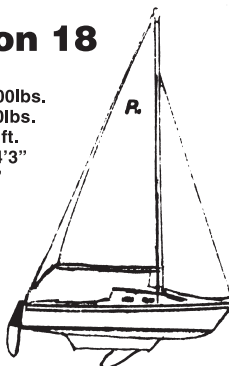
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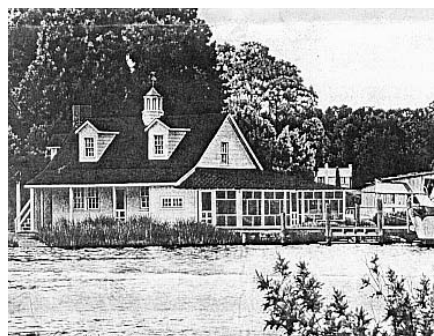


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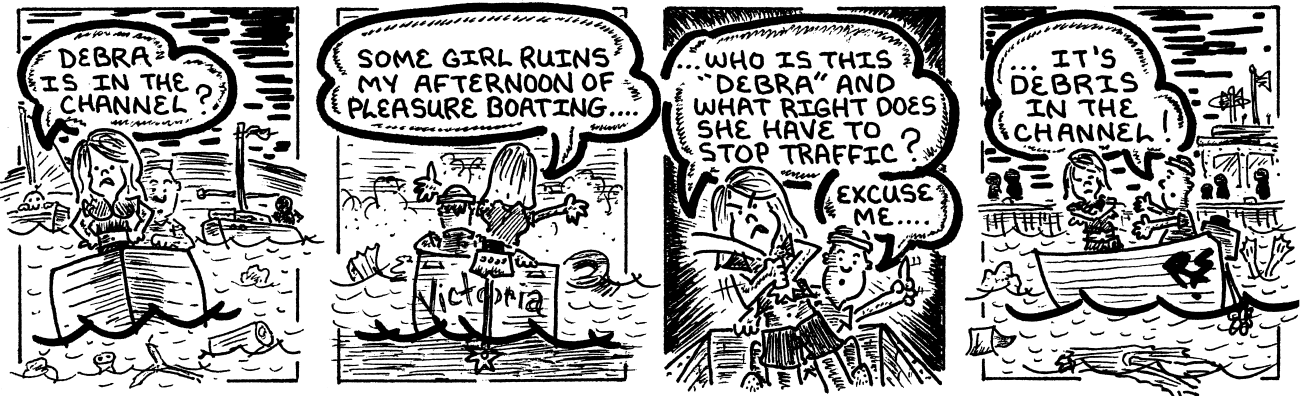
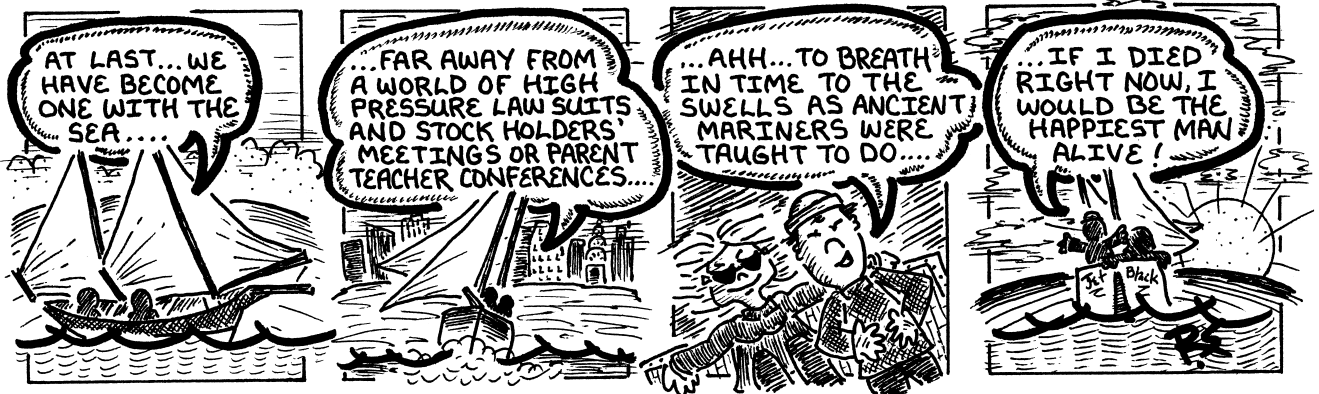




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